THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Established Aug. 4, 1821. | HENRY PETERSON & CO., Publishers. No. 319 Walnut St., Philad'a. | PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1867. | Price $2.50 A Year, in Advance. Single Number 5 Cents. | Whole Number Issued, 2411.

TO MISS E. S. C.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY MRS. ANNA BACHE.

As turned Naomi from the spot
Where spouse and children buried lay,
So, musing o'er my blighted lot,
I weeping took my onward way.

Her daughters twain made proffer kind,
And sought to cheer with smile and vow;
Naomi bade them stay behind—
"I have no sons to give you, now."

So I to Love and Friendship said—
"No more my woful path pursue;
Since Youth, and Hope, and Joy are dead,
'Tis meet that ye should leave me too."

And Love, the Orpah of the heart,
Even with a kiss, could blend farewell;
How Friendship chose Ruth's better part—
Dear faithful Sybil! *thou* canst tell.

CARLYON'S YEAR.

By the author of "Lost Sir Massingberd," &c.

CHAPTER XXI.

TO-MORROW.

For more than an hour after his nephew left him, Robert Crawford sat silent, and motionless, helpless and prone, like a statue that has been thrown from its base. Then, feebly feeling for the locket, he drew it forth, and opened it; gazing once more at the picture, and sighing wearily, he unclasped it at the back, and there lay the inscription before him. "To Mary Caroline, from her loving husband, Arthur Vane;" and a date of more than a quarter of a century ago.

"'Did I remember twenty-six years back?' said he," murmured the old man. "He knows it all. Unnatural, cruel boy. Who could have given him this? His nurse, Cubra, doubtless. They are in league together, and have undone me. She has access to my room, and has told him of what lies in yonder desk. I was a madman to keep it there—to keep that at all, the sight of which pierced my heart. Has he stolen it, I wonder, this traitor to his own flesh and blood?" Very slowly, and supporting himself by table and chair, he made his way to the standing desk. Clearing away a mass of papers within it, he touched a secret spring, and out darted a little drawer. In it was a printed slip—apparently an extract from some newspaper—and a small colorless globule. He took out the paper, and sat with it awhile before him, like one who waits for breath. Then he unfolded it and began to read. It was headed in large letters, "*Trial of Admiral Sir Robert Vane*," and contained the usual dry bald details of a naval court-martial, beginning with the statute under which the accused was charged. "Every person in the Fleet, who, through cowardice, negligence, or dissatisfaction, shall in time of action withdraw, keep back, or not come into the fight or engagement, or shall not do his utmost to take or destroy every ship which it shall be his duty to engage, and to assist all and every of His Majesty's ships, or those of his allies, which it shall be his duty to assist or relieve, every person so offending, and being convicted thereof by the sentence of a court-martial, shall suffer death, *or such other punishment as the offence may deserve.*"

The witnesses were admirals and captains, who had acted under the accused person in a certain engagement; and the point at issue was, "Did or did not Admiral Sir Robert Vane do his best to renew the battle which had already gone in his favor? The witnesses for the prosecution affirmed he did not; the witnesses for the accused averred that a renewal of the fight was beyond his power.

At the conclusion of the evidence, the admiral read his defence, which began by stating that he had served his country seven-and-thirty years, during which he had been honored more than once with marks of approbation from his sovereign. The sentence was as follows: "The court is of opinion that the charge of not having done his utmost to renew the said engagement, and to take or destroy every ship of the enemy, has been proved against the said Vice-Admiral Sir Robert Vane, and the court doth, therefore, adjudge him to be dismissed the service."

Party spirit ran very high at the time of this trial, which was, of course, instituted by the Government, and the newspaper in question, being a Government one, bore very hardly upon the accused. It mentioned the cases of Byng, and Sir Robert Calder, and insisted upon it that the present was one far less deserving of indulgence; it hinted, that but for the last line of the statute (which was printed in italics) having been added in more merciful times, the accused would certainly have suffered death. Every imputation that malignity could suggest was heaped together against the unfortunate accused; but the charge of cowardice—as being likely to wound most deeply—was reiterated again and again. This part of the newspaper, viz., its comments on the trial, bore evidence of having been much oftener handled than the account of the trial itself. It was over these that the old man lingered now, as alive to every stab as when they were first rained upon him, when he stood broken and disgraced before the world, a quarter of a century ago. *Litera scripta manet;* but, how infinitely more terrible is the permanency of that which is *printed*, since it stops not here nor there, but is promulgated everywhere, and at the same time. All England knew his shame upon the same day, and while he read, the old man felt that all England would be as full of it to-morrow as it was in that far-back time. The perusal of those hateful words (probably long forgotten by him who had written them) always set those wounds bleeding afresh which Time had staunched; but now, with the menace of his nephew ringing in his ears, the torture was intolerable. Probably if the unfortunate admiral had sought in the Opposition journals only for *their* version of the affair, he would have found commiseration, if not comfort, instead of those venomous stings; but he nourished the serpent in his bosom, as a proud man will, and it bit very deep. If physical pain is held to be some excuse for harshness of manner or ill-temper, how much more should have been this mental agony, the existence of which was not unknown to Richard!

"A cruel boy, a cruel, cruel boy," murmured the old man, again and again, as he sat gazing on the cruel words. "He would tell Agnes, too. He would not even spare the girl that he pretends to love. He called me coward, too, like this man here. And if I gave my daughter to him—if I persuaded her to give herself—they would speak truth. He shall never hold her in his power as he now holds me. No! No!"

This resolution seemed to give him strength. He rang his bell and bade the servant bring his meals up thither, since he did not feel well enough to leave his room. He busied himself throughout the day in arranging certain papers in his desk. In the evening, "Tell Miss Agnes I will see her," said he; for even his daughter never ventured to seek his room unsummoned.

"You are ill, dear papa," said she, with anxious tenderness, directly she caught sight of his weary face.

"No, love; much the same as usual. I have been arranging my affairs, and that has tired me. You know what a sad hand I am at business."

"But why not send for me to help you, then?"

"You could not help me in this matter, Agnes. No. You could not. Where is Richard?"

Like yourself, he is not well. He was not at dinner; he has one of his bad headaches. I am afraid you are angry with him, dear papa; and, indeed, it was very wrong of him to come up here. But he is really scarce himself at times, poor fellow."

"You pity him, then?"

"Of course, papa. I fear he feels the effects of that sunstroke still. He is so very odd at times."

"But you do not love him? You still have no affection towards him deeper than a cousin's? You are sure of that?"

"Quite sure."

"That is well, dear child." He took her little hand within his own, and stroked it tenderly. "You must promise me that when I am dead and gone you will never marry Richard."

"Certainly I never shall, papa; but why do you ask such a thing? I wish you would let me send for Mr. Carstairs."

"No, dear; no; I am as well now as I shall ever be. But life to me is worse than uncertain, and nothing should be put off."

They sat together side by side, without speaking, and upon the other side of the old man, unseen by her, sat Death.

"Is it true that Mr. Carlyon has left Mellor, Agnes?"

"Yes, papa."

"Left it 'for good,'—I mean. Is it certain that nothing would bring him back?"

The young girl blushed and hesitated.

"You may trust in me, love; tell me all. Does he not love you?"

"I cannot tell; I am not sure, papa."

"Do you love *him?*"

"I can never marry him," answered she, steadfastly.

"It is a matter of religion, then, that separates you?"

"I cannot say that, papa. But perhaps, if we thought alike respecting religious matters,—but I do not know, indeed."

"Don't weep, my child, don't weep. You have, doubtless, acted rightly. There is something—what is it—in the Bible about 'choosing the better part.' I do not blame you, if I ever did. It is well to give up all for God. Yes, yes," here he paused for a little, sighing heavily; then resumed: "You will not be penniless when I am gone, Agnes; there will be more than you thought—that is," added he, observing her pained look, "more than others have imagined. I know you never think about such matters. You are a good girl; and God will never forsake you. Kiss me, darling. You must go now, for I am getting tired. No; I shall want nothing more till morning. Nothing more." There was a pathos in those last words which might have moved Richard himself could he have heard them.

"God bless you, dear papa," said Agnes, kneeling down and looking yearningly into his wan face.

"That is right, darling. Perhaps He will, since it is you who ask it. Good-night, good-night."

Mr. Crawford was once more alone, except for that grim attendant whom he had himself summoned, before he sent for his daughter, lest she should persuade him from his purpose to her own hurt. He once more sought his desk and opened the secret drawer; the little globule was no longer there, but only the newspaper slip. This he tore into a hundred minute shreds and threw them on the hearth. Then he took out his watch.

"A few hours hence, and there will be no more apprehensions, no more disgrace," said he. "To-morrow he will have his answer—to-morrow! To-morrow! What will to-morrow be for me?"

* * * * *

In the morning, when the servant came to call the old man, he was lying in his hammock, very white and quiet, as usual, but with a ghastlier look upon his face than even it had ever worn before. The sentence of the court-martial had not been so humane as the report had stated. It was death, although the execution had been so long deferred. Those thin stern lips had spoken their last words, but to one of those who, summoned by the servants' terrified clamor, surrounded that strange death-bed, they still gave their dumb reply:

"No, would-be traitor, no!"

CHAPTER XXII.

AT RICHMOND.

It is autumn, and deep in autumn; still all "the quality" have not yet fled from town. They have abode within its scorching walls through June and July, amidst the dust of the roaring streets. They have borne the burthen and heat of the bustling day, when it lay in their power to enjoy the summer coolness of their woods and streams. And now, though the trees are putting off their green, and enclosing themselves in their most glorious garment of all—their Joseph's coat of many colors—they still delay, as their fathers did, who "preferred the smell of a link-boy's torch to all the scents of garden or field." It is to be stated, *per contra*, however, that these worshippers at Fashion's shrine have not withdrawn their patronage from the country altogether. Once a week, or even, during its palmy time, bi-weekly, these idolaters have emerged from the interior of their grilling brazen bull, and sought the glades of Windsor, the banks of Greenwich, or the wooded heights of Richmond. And now, as the latest period of their final departure draws nigh, those who have not already fled congregate like migrating birds, and take these swallow flights into the country more than ever.

There is a party of such birds of fashion, the females full-feathered, and magnificently hued, the men not so gorgeous, yet with a certain nicety of apparel quite as striking, gathered together now at one of those Richmond palaces, where you sit and eat of the best that art can provide, while nature ministers of her fairest to the eye. The popping of champagne corks, the chink of glasses, the murmur of pleasant talk, the laughter of fair women, flow forth from the open windows like streams of music into the sea of harmony without, where wood and water are vying with one another in the great Even song. The birds are caroling from park and meadow, whence uproarious mirth and robust ditties come mellowed by distance; and with the cool breezes from the river, are upborne the even pulses of the oar and all the cheery sounds of that crowded highway. Presently, their feast concluded, the revellers come forth into the terraced garden, and there is not a dame so churlish as to forbid her cavalier to light the grateful weed. In twos and threes they promenade upon the sloping lawn, or on the broad gravelled walks, or lounge upon the garden seats, or lean upon the balustrades and watch the glorious picture that is spread beneath them; the river winding slow; as though over-burthened with its freight of home-bound pleasure-seekers; the wooded banks, and path-pierced meadows; and the blue hills that close the scene.

Two of these loungers are remarkable; the one is a lady of great beauty, tall as Minerva, imperious as Juno, but very well knowing how to be tender, too, as you may see by the soft glances which she casts over and anon at her companion, and by the soft tones in which she addresses him; the other is a man near half a foot higher than the others of his sex about him, and very powerfully made.

"Yes, indeed, I should be most ungrateful if I was *not* pleased, Mr. Carlyon," replied she, in answer to some question; "so are we all, I'm sure. I never enjoyed a day at Richmond more."

"That's well. I am very glad."

"You don't *look* glad," returned she, in a tone of playful discontent; "but then you are always melancholy."

"Am I?"

"Yes." Her voice sank very low; each had had a hand upon the balustrade a little apart; but now they were touching. "If I did not know you *so* well, Mr. Carlyon—you smile, but you are more easily read than you imagine—I should say that it was the day's closing scene, the influence of the evening—"

"That's you," interrupted Carlyon, smiling.

"Tush, nonsense," continued she, pressing his hand reprovingly; "if I had any power over you, I should make you cheerful, happy. I don't like to see my friends—persons I have a genuine regard for—so hipped and serious. You are worse than ever to-night. One would think you were frightened by that foolish Captain Flasher's remark about our being thirteen at dinner, and how that one of us would die within the year."

"Yes; but your mother put him right, you know; she said that the proverb ran 'would die or else would marry.' Marriage is better than death, is it not, Edith?"

"Well, really, that depends. What a disagreeable man that is to haunt us in that manner."

Carlyon turned sharply round, only in time to see a young man sauntering slowly away with a cigar in his mouth.

"Never mind," continued she; "he is gone now: oh! pray don't meddle with him; I do hate a scene."

"He is indebted to you for a whole skin," rejoined Carlyon, quietly. "If I have a prejudice it is against eaves-dropping. At the same time, the poor wretch is not without an excuse. Where Edith Treherne is, there is always a temptation to draw nigh."

"Now you talk nonsense; what a wayward will you have, to be so serious when others are enjoying themselves, and to jest, when you ought to—be—that is—but here's mamma."

A stately dame bore down upon them at this critical juncture.

"Dearest Edith, it is getting late, and I have ordered the carriage. My dear Mr. Carlyon, we have a seat to offer you."

"But not to offer Red Berild, I conclude," returned he, smiling; "thank you very much, but I ride home. Must you go so soon, Mrs. Treherne? When you and yours leave us the party is broken up indeed."

"You are engaged, however, to dine with us to-morrow, remember, Mr. Carlyon; although it will be a bathos after your charming treat of to-day, I'm sure. In five minutes we shall start, Edith; indeed, directly I have found Julia. I can't think where that little puss has got to."

Mrs. Treherne could make a very tolerable guess, however, for she had a sharp eye for both daughters' movements; if a glance of that organ ever expressed "make the most of your time," it did so, when she parted with her eldest hope in professed pursuit of her second-born.

"Then you won't come home with us?" murmured the beauty, plaintively. "I do think you like that horse of yours better than—," she hesitated, then concluded her sentence with "mamma."

"Well, really, my dear Miss Treherne, I never should have ventured upon comparing their relative merits," answered Carlyon, smiling. "But you must allow that Red Berild is more devoted to *me* than your lady mother is. That goes for a great deal, you know."

"People don't always know how much they are esteemed, Mr. Carlyon."

"Do you think so?" returned the other, musing. "That is not the case with love, however, is it? If a woman sincerely loves a man he always sees it, does he not?"

"I think so; that is, unless he is wilfully blind."

"You are right, Miss Treherne, as usual."

"What makes you sigh, Mr. Carlyon?"

"Ah, that is a long story, and our time is short. Ask me any question but that and I will answer you."

"Good," returned the girl, fixing her fine eyes upon his own, "what is it then that you always carry in your breast pocket? We have often laughed—at least, spoken of it, at home; it is too large for a note-book, or a miniature; what is it?"

"I did not give you credit for so much curiosity about me, Miss Treherne. Here is the subject of your wonder: a plain book in a plain binding."

"Why, it is the New Testament!" ejaculated the young lady.

"Ought it then to have been the old one?" returned Carlyon, coldly.

"No, of course not. But, excuse me, I was a little surprised at your carrying about with you such a book at all. Cousin Archibald, whom you met at the club, told us—at least, we had the impression—"

"That I was an infidel," interposed Carlyon, quietly. "Well, so I am."

"How shocking!" returned the beauty. "How very naughty of you." And she tapped him lightly on the arm with her lace-fringed parasol. "You must have been in very bad hands, sir, when you were young. That is, I mean when you were a boy. I will ask my uncle the Dean to give you a talking to."

"Your uncle the Dean!" Carlyon burst into such laughter as quite astonished some neighboring knots of well-bred folk.

"Well, I'm glad to hear you laugh, although it need not have been quite so loud," said she, smiling. "Now—for I am still curious—let me have the book to hold. Will you?"

Carlyon hesitated for a moment, then put the volume into her dainty hand.

"Why, there's nothing in it!" said she; "absolutely nothing."

"That is not your uncle's view, Miss Edith."

"I don't mean that. I mean that there is no name, Mr. Carlyon," returned she, gravely; "the title-page is blank. Who gave it to you?"

"I did not promise to tell you all my secrets, Miss Treherne. But why do you ask? Does it look like a *gage d'amour*—this book?"

"Well, no," answered she, doubtfully; "though some girls give very funny things for keepsakes. But there, I dare say you have quite a collection of such."

"Not I, indeed, Miss Treherne. No girl cares for me: and for the matter of that, no human creature—only Berild."

"Don't say that, Mr. Carlyon," returned she, softly. "I am sure that I—that is, mamma and I—care for you very, very much. She is beckoning to us yonder. Won't you take our vacant seat? *won't you?*"

"Not this evening, Edith"—he drew her fingers on to his arm and led her away—"how your hand trembles! The air is getting chill; I shall never forgive myself if you have caught cold."

"I am not chilly, thank you, dear Mr. Carlyon," murmured she, tenderly. "We shall see you to-morrow." Then, in her usual cold and cynical tone she added, "Mr. Carlyon will not go home with us, mamma. He prefers his horse, as usual, to our company, or that of any one else."

A few minutes more of handshakings and conventional expressions of goodwill, and all Carlyon's guests, in roomy chariots and snug broughams, had rolled away. It was felt that it was a bathos to remain after lovely Edith Treherne and her scarcely less beautiful sister had departed.

Carlyon had known Edith three years before as the belle of the London season; her place had been usurped by others, younger, if not lovelier than herself, and perhaps her mother looked upon an untitled country gentleman with some two thousand a year in land with more favorable eyes than heretofore. At all events, Mrs. Treherne, having satisfied herself that his melancholy did not proceed from pecuniary losses, had welcomed him to town with unexpected kindness and hospitality. He knew but few families in London, and in those few weeks had grown proportionably intimate with this good lady and her daughters, and those who were introduced to him through their means.

His guests to-day had been almost all friends of the Trehernes; and it was understood among them that a match between Edith and himself was by no means an improbable event. Still the cautious mother had dropped no word of it to any of them; on the contrary, had expressed her opinion that Mr. Carlyon was so strange a person—so very "peculiar in his views," too, that it was hardly likely that any girl should take a fancy to him. Her friends, of course, translated this to mean that Carlyon was a difficult fish to hook; but she did not mind that one pin. She couldn't help people "talking," but she would not permit of the existence of a peg, upon which they might hang the scandal that her Edith had been jilted. She loved her daughter—this practical, worldly old lady—after her own fashion, very dearly; but she had no intention that she should be the bride of Heaven until, at least, all hope was over of earthly suitors.

Although, as we have said, knowing but few families in town, Carlyon had a pretty large male acquaintance, chiefly men from his own county. These men were not school or college friends; his mother's love had precluded his going to a public school; she could not bear to part for any length of time with the only being to whom she could cling, and so he had been sent to a small seminary in the neighborhood of home. His father's selfishness had refused the expenses of a university education. These men were, therefore, mainly acquaintances of the hunting field. They all liked him, and were glad to see him in town; their prejudices upon the score of his opinions were not valid there; London society is very charitable, and "the clubs" have open arms for every one who doesn't cheat at cards. The conversation that sometimes—once in a year, perhaps,—turns upon spiritual matters in the "smoking-room," (generally late at night,) exhibits religious liberty upon its broadest ground. If an honest country parson could only be smuggled in quietly to listen to it, how it would

open his eyes; not so much in horror, but in astonishment. Between him and the man of the world there is a great gulf fixed, not of fire, but of ice; each makes believe that it will bear—that communication is, in fact, established; but neither ventures to cross. It is not to be expected that the latter will budge a step; if they are ever to meet, it is the business of the Royal (and Ecclesiastical) Humane Society's man to make the attempt.

Well, Carlyon's club was glad to see its country member; the sporting set (with whom he was best acquainted) introduced him to the fast set. He saw a good deal of what unphilosophic persons call "Life," in a little time. He had seen it before, of course. All Englishmen of good means do see it, sooner or later. Really moral men, whether philosophers or otherwise, are as rare as respectable folks are plentiful. The Josephs are few, the Joseph Surfaces many. Some say the former are not to be found at all, which seems to have been the view of some very wise and good teachers, such as Jeremy Taylor. But it is only the heartless, the sinners in cold blood, who pursue dissipation for any great length of time; passionless vice is the longest lived of all. Carlyon had never been a debauchee in his youth, and licence had no greater charms for him in his middle age. Still, he wished to escape from himself, and was in no wise particular about the means. He never gambled, however. There was a very high play among some of the men he knew, and there is nothing that offers so strong a temptation to one that would forget both the past and the future as high play; but he never touched dice or cards. If he lost, would he not be robbing her to whom he had left all he had?

Thus time went on with John Carlyon, among his new friends—for almost all were new, except Red Berild, who was stabled near to his own lodgings in the Albany—much as it goes on with many a man who has a month's holiday to spend in London; only Carlyon had already spent two months there, and (so it seemed to him) had ten months yet to spend. He scarcely noted time, save by its loss. Another week gone, or a day, such as he would never see again, was his occasional reflection. Without hope or fear as to the future, the material approximation to his life's end made itself felt within him. By nature a very unselfish man—as men go—his mind, like a bent sapling, still obstinately reverted to himself, notwithstanding that he strove to bind it to other things. We may, and often do, love others better than ourselves (as Carlyon certainly did;) we may even merge ourselves in them, and lose our very identity therein for a season; but, after all, there is nothing that interests a poor human creature so unintermittingly and for such long continuance as his own self. Carlyon often caught himself musing, not, indeed, exactly upon his own fate, as upon what would happen in the world in relation to him, after he was gone. He smiled bitterly to think what sister Meg would have to say about him when the contents of his will were made known, and how Jedediah would run through that paltry five hundred pounds, and never fill a glass to his uncle's memory. If these relatives had really stood in need of his money, he would certainly not have disposed of it as he had done. As it was, how good a use would Agnes make of it! There was no fear, too, of wealth spoiling *her*. And yet it would give her pleasure, since it would afford her larger opportunities of doing good.

He could not, however, strive to please her in that which he knew would have made her happiest. Her own apprehensions with regard to that parting gift of hers had been fulfilled; he regarded the little volume she had sent him, so reverently, for her sake, that he almost always carried it about with him; but he would have preferred it to have been any other book. On its own account it was unwelcome and even repulsive, for he saw in it the material bar which had kept him and her asunder. It was terrible to him to think of that. Hopeless as his love for her was, the thought of death was hideous, inasmuch as it must needs separate them for ever. In other respects, the contemplation of it was more curious than painful. The notices of matters to take place at a far-distant date, when he should no longer be above the earth but under it, affected him sharply; even a friend's casual mention of some plans for the ensuing summer would overcast his brow. That he had never felt himself stronger, or in more excellent health, only intensified the strangeness of all this. Such feelings, although frequent, were, however, evanescent enough. His life, as has been said, went on much like any other idle man's. He lounged, and rode, and read, in his usual desultory way; he feasted, nay, he flirted willingly, though aimlessly enough, with the beautiful Edith. Here was a heart not easily to be broken, and there was scarcely anybody but himself now left in town for the poor girl to practise upon. Why should not she be gratified with the idea that he was being enthralled? She certainly did not love him; and when he was dead, if the rumor of their having been any *tendresse* between them should get abroad, it would only make her the more interesting. He would take care that matters should never go so far as to compel her to put on mourning, which she had confided to him did not become her. She enjoyed those little dinners at Richmond immensely, and so did he, did he not? Well, asking himself this question, as he strode up and down the broad gravelled terrace after his guest were gone, he could scarcely answer, "Yes." Through most of his life he had been accustomed to be alone, but he had never felt so solitary, so friendless, so desolate, as now, with the congratulations and compliments of those fair-weather friends ringing in his ears, and the soft breathings of that lovely girl still warm upon his cheek.

Why had she insisted upon bringing forth the skeleton of his closet, demanding, like some foolish princess in a fairy tale, the keys of his secret chamber, when he had only wished to give her the best of what he had. Why had he let her take that precious book within her hand; she—with her "How shocking!" and "What a naughty man to be an Infidel!"—was it not a sacrilege to let her do it? And, on the other hand, who was *he*, to play fast and loose with this poor girl, as though his fellow-creatures were his puppets? Was his life, just because it was fated to be a short one, to swallow up all others while it lasted, and make them of no consequence? Was not his morbid mind compelling him to selfish and unworthy acts, which threatened to leave behind him an evil memory? It was surely worth while to look to that if to nothing else!

Thus perturbed in mind, the doomed man strode up and down the hotel garden, amid the thinning groups of pleasure-seekers, each with their hidden care, but none with one so heavy as his own, or, at least, which sat so heavily. Their light talk and easily moved mirth jarred upon his ear, and he descended to a lower terrace, from whence could still be seen the winding river, now silent and pale in the moonlight, and the sleeping fields curtained with silver mist; and after him, like his shadow, moved the man that had aroused Edith's wrath awhile ago, by hovering near them.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, OCT'R 12, 1867.

NOTICE.—We do not return rejected manuscripts, unless they come from our regular correspondents. Any postage stamps sent for such return will be confiscated. We will not be responsible for the safe keeping or return of any manuscript.

NEW TYPE.

THE POST comes out in a new suit of type this week. We have got a rather larger and bolder faced type than our last, and we think our readers will like it better.

This type is from the foundry of Mr. A. W. Lindsay, No. 60 Duane street, New York City. We would inform our brother publishers that Mr. Lindsay is not in the "combination," and therefore sells at a more reasonable price than his brother founders. The type *looks* to be all it should be; of course, we can only speak positively as to its merits after some use. But we have never had a font in our office whose first appearance we were better pleased with.

THE NAVY YARD QUESTION.

We spent a few days in New London not long since, and of course were shown the famous Thames harbor and basin, which so long competed with League Island the honor and profit of being the Navy Yard for the iron clads.

Our readers will remember that while League Island was finally accepted, the Secretary of the Navy was also authorized to accept from the state of Connecticut a similar grant of land for the purposes of a Navy Yard at New London.

The noble harbor and basin of the Thames are well worthy the admiration of our New England friends. That river seems designed by nature to be the shelter of a nation's fleets, and we think Congress acted wisely in accepting the land that was offered to the government.

When tranquillity and kind feelings are again restored—as we think the masses of the American people, without regard to their party names or sectional localities, will ere long demand—and this great Union of States and People, "distinct as the billows, but one as the sea," becomes again an harmonious band of brothers, Prosperity will begin to flow in anew upon us, and the country take up its swift march towards a power and greatness unsurpassed in the history of the world. Then, by the time another half-century rolls around, it will be found that great Navy Yards will be needed in all the main maritime sections of the Union.

How far the saltness of the water at New London interferes with its suitability as a harbor for iron vessels, we are not sufficiently acquainted with the subject to decide. A New London friend brings forward a French authority to declare that a mixture of fresh and salt water is even better than fresh water itself—and then adds, "Now in the Thames basin, above New London, we have just the mixture required"! It may be so. And then again it may not be so. We should leave the whole matter to the decision of a naval commission composed of our best seamen, with Farragut at their head, and be perfectly willing to abide by their decision.

Having obtained the Navy Yard at League Island, we think it now becomes the part of Philadelphians to put no obstacle in the way of the New London yard. If the New Englanders can convince the Navy Department and Congress that now is the time to commence operations also in the Thames river, let them do so. If they cannot, they must bide their time. So far as Philadelphia is concerned, we think a dignified neutrality in the matter henceforth, will comport best alike with our dignity and our interests.

☞ A love lorn poet thus gives vent to his feelings:

"Were I a court-plaster, I would be
A patch upon her lip,
And spend my life in ecstacy,
And sip, and sip, and sip.

"Were I pair of spectacles,
How dearly would I prize
A situation on her nose,
To gaze into her eyes!"

☞ During the cross-examination of a false witness at the Tombs the other day, the District Attorney asked him where his father was; to which the witness responded, with a melancholy air—"Dead, sir; dropped off very suddenly, sir?" "How came he to drop off suddenly?" was the next question. "Foul play, sir; the sheriff imposed upon his unsuspicious nature, sir, and, getting him to go on a platform to take a look at a select audience, suddenly knocked a trap-door from under him, sir."

☞ A new song called Mary Hamilton, is popular in London. It is taken from Mr. Melville's romance of the *Queen's Maries*, and is supposed to be sung by Chastelar in prison:—

"Too late for the rose the evening rain,
Too late for the lamb the shepherd pain,
Too late at the door the maiden's stroke,
Too late for the plea when the doom hath
been spoke,
Too late the balm when the heart is broke,
Mary! Mary Hamilton!"

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS. By Rev. JOHN TODD, D. D., author of "Serpents in the Doves' Nest." Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; and also for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Phila. Price 15 cents. This is a mild and temperately written little pamphlet, discussing the questions of woman's sphere, the right to vote, &c. We quote the following remarks on

WOMAN'S EDUCATION.

"I lately took up a religious paper, in which no less than *six* "Female Colleges" were advertised and puffed. And we are getting our legislatures to charter new "Female Colleges," and we are boasting how we are about to introduce all the studies and the curriculum of the colleges for men, and we are to put our daughters through them, and educate just as we do men. The thing can never be done. For forty years I have been connected with female seminaries, and have carefully watched their training and results. I say deliberately, that the female has mind enough, talent enough, to go through a complete college course, but her physical organization, as a general thing, will never admit of it. I think the great danger of our day is forcing the intellect of woman beyond what her physical organization will possibly bear. We want to put our daughters at school at six, and have their education completed at eighteen. A girl would feel mortified not to be through schooling by the time she reaches that age. In these years the poor thing has her brain crowded with history, grammar, arithmetic, geography, natural history, chemistry, physiology, botany, astronomy, rhetoric, natural and moral philosophy, metaphysics, French, often German, Latin, perhaps Greek, reading, spelling, committing poetry, writing compositions, drawing, painting, &c., *ad infinitum*. Then out of school hours, from three to six hours of severe toil at the piano. She must be on the strain all the school hours, study in the evening till her eyes ache, her brain whirls, her spine yields and gives way, and she comes through the process of education enervated, feeble, without courage or vigor, elasticity or strength. After a single summer's exhausting study, let sickness strike such a school, and they sink and die most fearfully. Do those who are so strenuous to educate ladies as long and as severely as men *must* be educated for their sphere, know what mortality awaits so many after they are educated? I wish they would examine this point. "Languid and nervous, easily dispirited, instead of feeling within themselves the freshness and buoyancy of youth, what wonder that they draw back, appalled, from their new responsibilities" at marriage. So says a lady writing to me from Minnesota. My unknown correspondent adds, "I have often wished for the tongue of an angel, or a pen of fire, that I might arouse parents, teachers, and school committees to a sense of the wrong they are inflicting on this generation and those to come. I glory in the opportunities for culture of American women, but I pray do not abuse them. Let the girls have time to *grow* as well as to study. If they are not finished scholars at eighteen, what matters it, if they are healthy in body and mind? The mania is a spreading one. Here even in Minnesota I see it." Alas! must we crowd education upon our daughters, and for the sake of having them "intellectual," make them puny, nervous, and their whole earthly existence, a struggle between life and death? If it ministers to vanity to call a girl's school a "college," it is very harmless; but as for training young ladies through a long intellectual course, as we do young men, it can never be done—they will die in the process. Give woman all the advantages and all the education which her organization, so tender and delicate, will bear; but don't try to make the anemone into an oak, nor to turn the dove out to wrestle with storms and winds, under the idea that she may just as well be an eagle as a dove. We Americans belong to the Over-do family. We want to fish the brook dry if we fish at all. We mount hobbies easily because we are "spry," and now that we have taken woman in hand, we are in danger of educating her into the grave; taking her out of her own beautiful, honored sphere, and making her an hermaphrodite, instead of what God made her to be."

THE HERALD OF HEALTH for October comes to us freighted as usual with useful knowledge and timely hints upon health, physical development, and the laws of life. It contains articles by H. W. Beecher, Mrs. Gleason, Mrs. Miller, &c. Published by Miller, Wood & Co., New York.

IS IT I? A Book for every Man. A companion to "Why Not?" a book for every woman. By Prof. H. R. STORER, M. D., of Boston, Vice President of the American Medical Association. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; and also for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Phila. Price 50 cents.

DRIFTING AND STEERING. By LYNDE PALMER, author of "Little Captain," &c. Published by Moore & Nims, Troy, New York; and also for sale by the Prot. Episcopal Book Society, 1224 Chestnut street, Phila.

☞ If a man cannot find ease within himself, it is to little purpose to seek it anywhere else.

☞ It has been beautifully said, that "the veil which covers the face of futurity is woven by the hand of mercy."

☞ Don't wait for your fervor to cool before you act. The workmen at a foundry might as well wait for the molten iron to cool before pouring it into the mould.

☞ Love not your children unequally; or if you do, show it not, lest you make the one proud, the other envious, and both foolish. If nature has made a difference, it is the part of the tender parent to help the weakest.

☞ At school at Wallsend, near Newcastle, the master asked a class of boys the meaning of the word "appetite," when, after a short pause, one little boy said, "I know, sir; when I'm eatin' I'm 'appy, and when I'm done I'm tight."

☞ He that envies makes another man's virtue his vice; another's happiness his torment. Whereas, he that rejoices at the prosperity of another is a partaker of the same.

☞ Hamlet had an Irish friend with him in the tragedy, who has generally been overlooked. He says—"Now may I do it, Pat?"

☞ "Well, wife, you can't say I ever contracted bad habits." "No, sir; you generally expanded them."

The Origin of Croquet.

It may seem unkind to upset some pleasant and ingenious theories, but history in this, as in other matters, only repeats itself. The game was a very old one, and in a shocking bad odor, long before our grandmothers had ever thought of being born.

Whoever will go back a hundred years will find mention of it under its proper heading in old Sam Johnson's Dictionary; or, going back still further, will find in a rare old book, "Concerning the Games of Merrie England," some curious facts about it.

Its present *soubriquet* is a bogus one, a mere *alias*, under which it has been playing the game of false pretences, covering up its old associations and damaged character, and foisting itself into the graces of good society.

Pall Mall (*palla maglio*—the ball and mallet) was its well-known name in England, more than two hundred years ago. Its peculiar adaptation for flirtations brought it into high favor with the pleasure-loving cavaliers and dames of the Court of Charles the Second. The Mall, where it was played in the Royal Park (now St. James,) became a recognized institution of the time. Here were accustomed to resort all the wits and adventurers, beauties and celebrities of that graceless court. The heartless, sated Buckingham, and pert, pretty little Nellie Gwynn; the witty, wicked Poet Wycherly, and the scheming, seductive Duchess of Portsmouth; the elegant, irresistible Count Grammont, and the Royal Profligate himself. These were among the players and patrons of the "Courtly Game."

What the Court patronized the Cockneys of London must play of course; and Pell Mell, so suggestive to this day of hurrying and helter-skelter, is still the corrupted name of that old street in the ancient West End where the Lord Mayor and his plebeian constituents jostled each other, and played it with an abandon scarcely equalled by the Cavaliers.

The simple game of the ball and mallet was naturally made a convenient cover for the scandalous plots and projects of its notorious actors. It soon became the well-known rallying point for levity and wantonness, rivalries and cruelties. Not only the gallantries and follies and scandals of the day, but crimes and offences that are now recognized among the darker infamies of history had their conception here.

The stiff-backed old Puritans set their square visages against it with a lugubrious horror. They looked upon it as the joint device of their three implacable foes—the king, the pope and the devil. In its varied colors, the ominous black, the odious scarlet and the leprous yellow, they detected an unhallowed significance. It was to them the synonym of all things frivolous and sinful—"the wicked and pernicious game of a corrupt and godless court."

"Perseverance Pangborn" denounced it from the curbstone, "Resolution Barebones" from the pulpit, and all the Roundheads said amen. They prayed against it, wrestled with it, frowned on it, avoided it in their daily walks, and frightened the little children with its very name.

When the reaction came that overthrew the house of Stuart, the odious game shared the fate of the kindred vices and vanities of the Court. In the remorseless current of zeal and asceticism, it was swept away to an obscurity from which, after two centuries, it emerges heralded and championed by the grandchildren of the same grim old Nonconformists at whose hands it was "done to death" in the early time. And the favorite game of Eleanor Gwynn and Count Grammont becomes to-day the pet amusement of our pious young women and proper young men.

Verily! history makes us acquainted with some odd transitions.

Yet, aside from its history, or the freaks of the present fashion, croquet must be conceded to have its positive merits and attractions.

It turns the stiffness and chill of so many indoor gatherings into the genial enjoyment of the open air.

It furnishes oxygen as well as tea; sunshine as well as scandal; health as well as hilarity.

It gives everybody a palpable object to hit, in place of the sore spots of their neighbors.

It relieves so many stupid people from the necessity of boring each other to death by useless attempts at conversation.

It excites the lazy and the ennuied to a little salutary exertion; it persuades the circumspect and over-righteous to a little wholesome wickedness and dissipation.

Being a little more stupid than billiards, it is just the thing for some; a little less stupid than backgammon or euchre, it is just the thing for others.

It seems adapted to everybody's wants, everybody's tastes and everybody's capacities.

It kills time, creates fun, keeps dull care away and cures dyspepsia.

It leads to a muscular development of the elbows and the chest, and to an esthetic appreciation of symmetrical ankles and nicely-rounded arms.

To the sitters around on the grass, during the pauses of the game it gives such fine opportunities for the study of natural history; it brings them to an acquaintance with such innumerable bugs and grass-hoppers, black ants, caterpillars, and all the interesting many-legged beauties of science.

To the lovers of the picturesque and the melodramatic it is equal to clambakes or camp-meetings. To the jaded and debilitated it is better than homeopathy or a trip to Coney Island.

For promoting sociability it is ahead of whiskey; for a quiet conscience there is nothing like it, and for a fresh complexion it beats the "Bloom of Youth" all hollow.

Therefore let us listen to the suggestions of our sweethearts and Sunday-school teachers, and play croquet. And while we accept it as a means of physical and social reconstruction, let us be grateful to the unknown genius who invented it.—*N. Y. Leader.*

☞ Josh Billings, in describing the horse fair of the Billingsville Agricultural Society, says: "There was tew yoke ov oxen on the ground, several yokes ov sheep, and a pile ov carrots, and some worsted work, but they didn't seem to attract enny sympathy. The people seem to hanker for pure agricultural hoss-trots."

Heart Histories.

Every heart has a history. Our most intimate friends have histories with which, as a general thing, we are familiar. We know of their struggles in life, their successes and their failures. Strangers, or those whom we occasionally meet, have histories which often become known to us as they are known to society—to the world. Our life histories are known to our friends and to the circle in which we move. But there are histories of strangers, of friends, and of ourselves which are veiled. Thrilling, deep heartfelt histories are there which every one has, and which are sealed up from other eyes than our own.

Suppose we could raise the veil which hides the innermost recesses of the heart, and gaze upon page after page that is written there; suppose we were allowed to become as familiar with the heart's history as with that of the owner himself, would we find anything strange or startling? As no two have experiences alike in life so would we find a variety in the silent history of the heart.

We might not find anything startling in any heart, but we would find many sad things written there. We should find many experiences which are familiar to our hearts, and which we have carefully concealed, thinking that they were unknown to others. But the strangest feature would be the seeming incompatibility of these pages of the heart with the outside life of the individual; and this is what would so much interest us, for it would tell tales which, could they be written with the pathos which they merit, would cause us to weep with sympathy. Why so sure that we would weep? Because, dear reader, if you will look into the heart of which you alone posses the key, you will find that it is only the dark and sad part of your life that is hidden, and so it is with others.

Whenever we are joyous and happy we ask others to share with us, and unfold to them the source of our pleasure. When we meet with success we are proud, and wish the world to know it; but when we fail we try to hide our defeat and shame. And often our grief is too sacred for other eyes to see.

Open the door and raise the curtain of your own heart, reader, and tell us what you see in proof of what I have said. Do you not see, far back upon its pages, lines of deep sorrow traced? They were put there by the death of *your* dear little brother whose young life went out so soon. That was unselfish grief, unmixed with thoughts of the world, for you were then young and guileless. Those other lines more deeply traced tell when your mother died. Nothing can blot them out! When you think of her you think how many times you pained her, and how often you brought the sad tears to her eyes. You, alone, feel this and know it, and it is well for you to hide it. You lay upon your pillow at night thinking of her, and longing for the kind words she used to speak, and for her hand to cool your brow. Those around you know nothing of this, or how you mourn for the dear little Eva, who followed mother long ago. This is heart history.

But why do you tremble? Are these memories so sad? No! I see now. Here are other lines that tell secrets that you have long concealed. Yes, here, cut deeply in the page as with a diamond-pointed sorrow, is the tale of your manhood's love and loss. They tell how in the pride of youthful strength, you wooed, won, and—lost! Lost? Yes, the dream was too bright, too beautiful to last, and like the rainbow on a summer's night, it faded until nothing but a dark cloud was left, and your sun of happiness went down for ever.

Of all your histories this is the one you guard with the greatest care. You would not have it known for the world. By bright smiles and lively sallies of wit you try to make others think you are happy, and you succeed, for they do not know of this. They do not know how you throw yourself upon your bed in the secret of your chamber, and weep that the best love of your heart twined around a worthless object. Every fibre of your soul was linked with hers, and now they are broken. This is heart history.

By the side of this may be a page which you do well to cover up. It may tell of friends whom you have betrayed; of promises broken, and of vows unkept. It may tell how you won a guileless heart only to leave it broken and desolate. Dark things may lie hidden, and we will not look longer.

There may be found aspirations near reached, hopes blasted for ever, desires unsatisfied, longings always to be felt, friendships broken, and love unrequited.

As a beam o'er the face of the waters may glow,
While the tide runs in coldness and darkness below,
So the cheek may be tinged with a warm sunny smile,
While the cold heart to ruin, runs darkly the while!

Answers to Correspondents.

ISAAC.—Your article on frogs is good, but not exactly in our line. Your idea that frogs grow more bob-tailed as they advance in years is admitted by the most distinguished naturalists. You are wrong, however, in attributing the discovery of frogs to Christopher Columbus in 1429. Professor Pumpkin, in his "Pursuit of Nonsense under Difficulties," asserts that they migrated to this country when compelled by St. Patrick to skedaddle from Ireland, in the fifth century. Consult Pumpkin.

ASTRONOMER.—The reason that cats climb to the roof is, that they want to lay hold of the Milky Way.

MEDICUS.—It was Abernethy who gave the prescription to which you allude. An Irishman called upon the doctor in haste, exclaiming:—"Be jabers, docther, me boy Tim has swall'd a mouse!" "Then, be jabers," said Abernethy, "tell your boy to swallow a cat."

HORACE.—Your "Recollections of a Dizzy Life" is not quite up to the mark of the Northern Monthly. Try Bonner.—*Northern Monthly.*

☞ The Bangor Whig says that Dr. Field of that city had a case recently where a happy husband was made the recipient of three babies at once—both arms full and one to spare. The doctor says that when the third one came along he was prepared for anything.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

HOME INTELLIGENCE.

MRS. LINCOLN.—It is with pain that we read the announcement, that the widow of the late President has been forced to resort to the expedient of selling off the valuable shawls, &c., she acquired during her residence at Washington, in order to meet her necessary expenses. These articles consisting of fine camel's hair shawls, valued at from $100 to $1,500 each, seven other shawls, including one of white point lace valued at $2,000, a lace dress valued at $4,000, and other expensive articles, are worth, it is said, about $25,000. Mrs. Lincoln avows her readiness to sell them in the lot at $16,000; and if she cannot sell them in that way, designs to sell them separately at the best price she can obtain. She has placed the whole lot in the hands of a merchant in New York, and is now herself on a visit to that city.

Mrs. Lincoln is not well satisfied with the way she has been treated. Mr. Lincoln, it seems, saved no money out of his Presidential salary, and of the first year's salary ($25,000) of his second term, that Congress voted his widow, about $3,000 was already owing to various creditors. Thus $22,000, and the house and lot in Springfield, were all that went to Mrs. Lincoln. Her present income, she says, is but $1,700 a year, and is inadequate to supply the wants of herself and family.

Mrs. Lincoln complains bitterly of the way in which she has been treated by distinguished politicians; and despairing of aid from any other source, has resorted to a publicity which is mortifying to all concerned.

THE CONFLICT OF JURISDICTION IN PHILADELPHIA.—The Cabinet met on the 4th, all the members present except Secretary Browning. It was understood that Attorney General Stanbery presented his opinion upon the subject of the habeas corpus cases in Philadelphia, sustaining the position taken by Secretary Welles, which view of the case was adopted by the other members. Gen. Grant was present during the session.

LOSS OF THE TIOGA.—The steamship Tioga, from New Orleans and Havana for Philadelphia, was burned at sea on the 27th ult., and three of her crew perished in the flames. The survivors were taken off by the steamer Rapidan, and have arrived at New York. The vessel is a total loss. She had among her cargo two hundred and eighty-nine bales of cotton, which was also destroyed. Two or three schooners are reported wrecked on the lakes, and it is highly probable that the violence of the late gale has caused numerous disasters at sea.

SAVANNAH.—A riot occurred at Savannah on the 30th ult. during a meeting, in which a mulatto, named Bradly, addressed a large gathering of negroes. His exciting harangue produced a disturbance, which however was speedily quelled.

Gen. Anderson, Chief of Police, has given orders to arrest every disorderly person, regardless of color or politics. The military remain under arms, but their services will probably not be needed. A large number of rioters were arrested, and several of the ringleaders will probably be sent to Fort Pulaski by the military.

SHERIDAN.—Gen. Sheridan was heartily welcomed on the 30th ult., by the Union League of New York. The following is his response to the address of Mr. Jay, President of the Club:—"I have scarcely language to express the very great appreciation I have for your very warm and hearty welcome. I only hope that I may be able hereafter to deserve the same approval of my acts. I certainly know that heretofore, and I believe hereafter, that I shall never by any act of mine attempt to make rebellion honorable. Rebellion is a crime, and it shall not be made honorable. Gentleman, I thank you."

NASHVILLE.—The municipal election at Nashville passed off peacefully, the Republican ticket being successful. The city authorities claimed that the election was not valid, and attempted to retain office. On the 2d inst., a company of militia, commanded by a Colonel, deposed the old Mayor. He submitted to force, and the newly elected Mayor was installed by the troops.

THE INDIANS.—A paymaster's party has been attacked by several hundred Indians on the Plains, but sustained no injury. General Marcy and an escort have also been attacked with a loss of one man killed and three wounded.

Black Hawk, Chief of the Ute Indians, it is announced, has pledged himself to peace and alliance with the United States. A band of Indians has been defeated in Oregon, with a loss of 20 killed and 15 captured, none of the white soldiers being hurt.

The Crows refuse to meet the Peace Commissioners at Fort *Laramie* in November.

NEW YORK.—The State Temperance Convention met in Albany on the 2nd. Dr. Albert Day was chosen permanent President. Resolutions were adopted favoring the extension of the Excise law to the whole state, the submission of a separate prohibitory article of the State Constitution to the people, and insisting upon the insertion of temperance principles in party platforms. A committee waited upon Governor Fenton and tendered him an invitation to preside at the evening session, but he declined on the plea of previous engagements.

THE steamer Dean Richmond has been raised, and will shortly be repaired.

JOHN J. CONCKLIN, cashier of the First National Bank of New Milford, Conn., has disappeared, being a defaulter to the bank for $50,000.

THE ex-rebel General Sterling Price, of Missouri, is dead, and his funeral took place on the 30th ult., at St Louis. It was very largely attended.

PHILADELPHIA.—Four persons, two of them women, were arrested in this city, on Thursday night, the 26th ult., for counterfeiting. Counterfeit notes on the First National Bank of this city, to the amount of $22,500 were captured, with implements and paper for printing other counterfeits.

YELLOW FEVER.—There have been several deaths from yellow fever at Greenpoint, near New York. Great alarm was felt in the neighborhood; but as no new cases have occurred the excitement is allayed.

The fever is reported to be abating at Pensacola. In New Orleans the deaths continue to average from 60 to 70 daily.

THE REGISTRATION IN THE SOUTH.—Some of the Southern papers publish a summary of registration in the South, corrected up to September 24, by which it appears the colored voters have the following named majorities:—In Alabama, 15,511; Florida, partial returns, 4,655; Louisiana, 38,142; Mississippi, 17,865; South Carolina, 24,845; Texas, estimated returns, 10,000. The white voters have the following named majorities; Arkansas, estimated returns, 5,000; Georgia, 1,895; North Carolina, nearly 4,000; Virginia, 13,667. The total votes in those states is estimated at 1,147,542; colored majority, 85,500.

The final revision has not been completed in all of the states. The books of registration are to be opened for that purpose in Virginia on the 8th inst., and five days thereafter.

INVESTIGATING THE STATE GOVERNMENTS TO SEE WHETHER THEY ARE "REPUBLICAN."—The sub-committee of the House Judiciary Committee to inquire into the constitution and form of government of Maryland, under the resolution introduced last March by Hon. Frank Thomas, will meet in Baltimore this week, and commence their investigation. Mr. Thomas, who is chairman, designs making a rigid examination, and is prepared to show, he says, that the Constitution lately adopted conflicts with the plainest and universally received ideas of American republicanism.

ALASKA.—American enterprise has already produced its results in our new territory. A seam of pure anthracite coal, over thirty feet deep, is reported to have been discovered, and traced for a mile, near a good, harbor where there is abundance of oak and fir timber.

THE MARKETS.—Gold has been firm throughout the week at 143 to 146. The Stock Market has been inactive, without material change. Cotton has slightly declined. Flour and Grain are unchanged in price, but firm at present rates. The general provision market is weak.

COUNCILS.—City Councils met yesterday. In Select branch the ordinance from Common Council, fixing the tax rate at $1.40, was concurred in. A resolution was adopted, asking the Legislature to pass an Act granting Penn Square for scientific and educational purposes. In Common Council the Steam Boiler Inspection Bill was passed with some amendments.

Foreign Intelligence.

ITALY.—Italy, Rome and Paris remain deeply and dangerously agitated by the Garibaldian revolutionary excitement.

Garibaldi refused to give the Italian government his parole not to engage in hostilities against the Papal States. He has written a letter from his prison, in which he says the Romans have the right of slaves to rise against oppression, and it is the duty of the Italians to help them. He hopes his fellow-patriots will not be discouraged, but will march on to the liberation of Rome, and concludes by declaring that the eyes of the world are upon them, and the nations anxiously await their action.

Meanwhile the Italian Government, hoping to allay the popular excitement, gave orders for the transfer of the prisoner to his home at Caprera, without insisting upon a parole. The General was accordingly taken to the Island, where he was apparently set at liberty. Soon after his arrival, he suddenly disappeared from the island and succeeded in reaching the mainland, but his movements had been carefully watched, and he was again arrested and sent back to Caprera, where he now remains under guard. At the last advices from Rome all was quiet.

Particulars have been received of the riots at Modena, Milan, Genoa, and Naples, showing that they were more serious than at first reported. In some cities the mobs were fierce and obstinate, and the troops were frequently obliged to use their bayonets and sometimes to fire upon the people, many of whom were killed and a large number wounded.

The adherents of the General made a serious outbreak at Viterbo. It is said that a revolt had occurred in Rome, and a rumor reached London to the effect that the Pope had left the Eternal City. The Mazione, of Florence, a semi-official paper, says that Italy will soon acquire Rome without a "broken treaty." The news from Italy produced deep distrust in Paris, and two French Ministers of State, accompanied by the Italian Ambassador to France, left the city on a special mission to Napoleon at Biarritz.

There is a despatch from Florence, under date of Oct. 2d, as follows:—The rebels are in force at Aquapendente. The Pope's soldier's have asked the aid of the Italian government, but the latter refuses any troops. The revolt has become very serious. An embroglio between France and Italy is feared.

THE EASTERN QUESTION.—The Russian demands for a cession of Crete to Greece, and for the equality of the Christians, being refused, the Russian Ambassador, General Ignatieff has made a report to the Czar, and has returned to Constantinople with the message that the Czar declines to see the Sultan, there being nothing agreeable to say. Neither party recedes from its position. The Sultan has at length sent out a commission of inquiry, consisting of three Turks and three Greeks to investigate the affairs of Candia. The Vizier, Riza Pacha and Kabul Pacha are the Turkish members, and has proclaimed a full amnesty to the Cretan insurgents, allowing them a certain time to lay down their arms and leave the island.

GREECE.—Accounts from Athens state that a large party in Greece favors deposing the King and proclaiming a republic under the protectorate of the United States, or annex it as three States.

ENGLAND.—A committee, appointed to proceed to America and investigate the affairs of the Atlantic and Great Western Railroad have returned to this country. At a meeting of the Company they made their report, which was favorably received, and is regarded as highly satisfactory by the stockholders of the road.

THE NEXT POPE.—The *Zeidler's Correspondence*, a semi-official journal, published in Berlin, makes the assertion, that at the recent meeting of Napoleon and Francis Joseph, at Salzburg, an understanding was come to as to the person whom they would support for successor to Pope Pius IX.

GERMANY.—A postal convention between the United States and the North German Bund has just been concluded by Mr. Kasson, American Commissioner, and submitted to Count Bismarck for official signature.

It reduces the postage charges between America and Germany from thirty to fifteen cents via England and to ten cents via direct lines.

The newspaper postage is to be largely reduced also.

It is reported on the Continent that Napoleon has addressed a note to the sovereigns of the South German states on the subject of their relations with Prussia, and that in this note the French Emperor, after calmly discussing the last circular of the Prussian Cabinet, urging German unity, asks the Southern potentates to pledge themselves not to pass the Main and merge their countries in the new confederation of the North.

One hundred deputies in the North German Parliament have signed a formal protest against any infringement or disturbance of the long established maritime privileges of those German states which border on the Baltic sea.

Kiel, a seaport of Holstein, on the Baltic, is to be immediately fortified by King William, and garrisoned by Prussian troops.

JAPAN.—Late despatches received from Japan announce that the Christians in various parts of the island are maltreated by the natives. This is especially true of the inhabitants of Nagasaki and its vicinity.

SANDWICH ISLANDS.—Our advices from Honolulu, Sandwich Islands, are dated September 11, and come by special telegram from San Francisco. The Reciprocity treaty with the United States had been passed by the Hawaiian Legislature and signed by the King. The whaling catch is reported to be the largest ever known. The whaling ship Congress was lost on the 14th of May in the Anadyr sea.

BRAZIL.—It is announced from Rio Janeiro that the combined naval and land forces of the allied powers had bombarded the Paraguayan positions of Curapaity and Hamaita. The result is not yet known.

SCHOOL CHILDREN'S EYES.—A curious work has been published at Breslau, giving the result of an examination of the eyes of ten thousand and sixty school children. The proportion of short-sighted children was 17.1 per cent., or seventeen hundred and thirty among ten thousand and sixty. No village children were found to be short-sighted until they had been some time at school—at least half a year. There were, in proportion, four times as many short-sighted children in the town (Breslau) as in the country, and short-sightedness increased generally with the demands made upon the children. The author of the work attributes the evil in a great measure to the bad construction of school benches, which force the children to read with their books close before their eyes, and with their heads held downwards.

TRADE IN DIVORCES.—If Western courts offer unusual facilities for obtaining divorces, the building up a business in procuring them must belong to the New York lawyers. Their cards appear in the morning papers:

One announces "divorces legally obtained in any state, without publicity or exposure, and good anywhere." Another lawyer repeats the announcement and makes no charge until the divorce is obtained. In addition to these friends of the unfortunate, Detective W. informs the public that he has added the divorce business to his regular "lay," and will find evidence "if existing" in any state of the Union.

☞ Lately a letter was written by M. Chevalier, in which he took ground against some minor matter of government policy, and several French journals printed and praised it. Each of these offending papers was compelled to do penance by publishing long articles opposing M. Chevalier, and eating their own words. This was done by the *government*, but the same thing is often done in this country by *public opinion*,—and where is the great difference? If a man has to eat his own words, what cares he who forces them down his throat?

☞ Elias Howe, Jr., the inventor of the sewing-machine, died in Brooklyn on Thursday night.

☞ A despatch from Alexandria, Egypt, announces the arrival there of the steamer Quaker City, with the American excursion party on board, all well. Captain Duncan telegraphs that the Quaker City will leave Alexandria on the 7th inst., and will reach Gibraltar before the 27th of October, when she will sail for home.

☞ During the five months of 1867, that the Exposition has been open at Paris, the various places of amusement in that city received more money by $504,228, than they did during the corresponding period of 1866. The Exposition brought a harvest to them, as indeed it did to every one in Paris.

☞ The Parisians who are of a sporting turn of mind, are busying themselves with American affairs; and it is stated that two stock brokers have waged $100,000 that General Grant will or will not be "Emperor of the United States" within five years.

☞ The colored people of Baltimore are excited over a rumor that their arms will be taken from them by Governor Swann.

☞ A negro, named Dunn, has been made Assistant Recorder of New Orleans. A prosecutor in a recent case, declined to testify while a negro was acting as Recorder. The Assistant Recorder asked him if he meant to insult the court? He said he did; whereupon he was fined $25.

☞ ONLY ONCE.—Two men were disputing about a certain street in Chicago, when one of them impatiently asked: "How many times have you been in Chicago?" "Only once," admitted the other, modestly. "Only once!" said the first, triumphantly. "I have been there half-a-dozen times, and therefore ought to know more of it than you." "No, I claim that *I* should know most of it." "How so?" "Because I stayed eight years the time I was there."

☞ "I'll pay your bill at sight," as the blind man said to the doctor who had in vain attempted to cure him of blindness.

☞ The present Duke of Wellington is printing the whole of his father's papers, for safety, not for publication. The Duke puts everything into type, then strikes out such passages as affect living persons too closely, or such as it might be indiscreet to make public. Three copies only of the original impression are taken.

TIRED;
Or, a Love Conflict.

Yes, I am tired, dear. I will not try
To stem the ebbing current any more,
Nor vex with fruitless prayers the iron sky,
Nor dew with idle tears the barren shore.
The rippling waves that kissed my happy hand,
The waves with laughing music in their flow,
Sadly I watch them o'er the broadening sand;
But I am very tired—let them go.

Too long my chafing pride has stooped to strive
To fan the embers into life again;
No faith can keep the flickering flame alive,
The lingering vigil is but lingering pain.
Too late the voice assumes a tender tone;
Too late the lip in loving smiles is drest;
The tide is out; the last faint spark is gone,
And I am very tired—let me rest.

Just tired—neither angry nor ashamed;
Each wretched mood has fret its feverish hour;
Let the pale bud lie withered and unclaimed—
Dead or to gracious sun or pitying shower.
Perchance some little life may linger yet
In the crushed stem and withered leaves we see;
But what avails repentance or regret?
I am so tired—tired let it be.

I did so much; I am all worn and cold;
I strive no longer; let what must be, must;
I could not give your hand the strength to hold,
I could not give your heart the depth to trust.
How you will miss me! I could weep your want
Of the close silent love that fenced you so;
The cup I filled was neither weak nor scant,
But I am very tired—let it go.

Enamelling Ladies' Faces.

This is the way it is done: You first apply to the human face divine a wash of elder water, which removes every impurity. This done, you lave the face anew with tepid water, then dry the skin with fine linen till it is perfectly smooth and velvety. You then apply to this surface a perfectly white, a pink white, or a cream white enamel. The real and pure Paris enamel, is slightly tinted. It is a paste, and covers the surface smoothly, making it marble-like. This artificial covering being thick, lasts a long time, but the face must not be washed. In order to remove any impurity from the skin, or rather from the enamel, a small sponge dipped in rose water is used, and the enamel carefully restored.

Ristori's face is enamelled nightly.

The followers of this fashion are, in England, Miss Burdett Coutts, and the fair lady whose husband refused to pay several thousand pounds for numberless enamellings.

The price for a "permanent enamelling" is $50.

If skillfully done, and the cheeks touched with rouge, with a little "fixing up" of eyebrows, you cannot at night, and a foot or two off, tell an old woman from a young one.

In America, the fair Mrs. R——— follows this fashion so thoroughly that she coats face, arms, and neck with the pearly preparation. She is kept in countenance by the wealthy Mrs. B———, and sundry others.

The ladies of the *demi-monde*, however, are the most fervent of the believers in enamel.

☞ Professor Blot, in the Galaxy, says the dinner given to Gen. Grant at the New York Club was the most elaborate thing of the kind given for many years in New York; that it was a dinner one could "really eat;" and that it took seven French cooks ten days and nights to prepare what the company consumed in two or three hours. At this rate one can only get some thirty odd dinners, actually eatable, in a year.

☞ Nicholas Hyman, of Buffalo, the natural guardian of Anna Hyman, a little girl of twelve years, sues Ellen Burk, wife of Wm. Burk, for willfully cutting off two large black curls from the said Anna's head and converting the same to her own use. The suit is in the Supreme Court, and the damages are laid at $2,000.

☞ A man who dresses too grandly, or too absurdly, or too shabbily, has some mental oddity, or insanity, or meanness which develops itself outwardly in the fashion of his garments.

☞ A name for a female base-ball club we have read of: The Feme-Nine.

☞ A novel programme has been invented for the French theatres, it is said by an American. The paper of the playbill is represented by a light, agreeable crust of pastry, and the ink is chocolate paste. The advantage of the invention is that when the spectator has mastered the contents of his bill he can eat it.

☞ The Minnesota Historical Society has been greatly interested in the phrenological development of a supposed ancient skull, which has proved to be a mud-turtle's shell.

☞ "Paddy, honey, will you buy a watch?" "And is it about selling *yer* watch ye are, Mike?" "Troth is it, darlint." "What's the price?" "Ten shillings and a rautchin of the creature." "Is the watch a dacent one?" "Sure, I've had it twenty years, and it niver once desaved me." "Well, here's your tin, and now tell me, does it go well?" "Bedad, an' it goes faster than any watch in Connaught, Munster, Ulster, or Leinster, not barring Dublin." "Bad luck to ye, Mike, you have taken me in. Didn't you say it niver desaved ye?" "Sure an' I did; nor did it, for I *never depinded on it.*"

☞ A traveller says that the first time he caught sight of milk in a Chinese street, it was in the hands of a female carrying a cup of what he thought to be the genuine unchalked article. "Excuse me, but what is that?" said he. "It is milk," she replied. "What milk? cow's or goat's." "Woman's milk, sir." "Woman's milk! for what use?" "It has been bought for an aged neighbor." "And what is the price for that cupfull?" "About eighty cash." Subsequently he discovered that it is not unusual for nursing women to sell their own milk to motherless babes or octogenarians in second babyhood, the nurses drawing their own milk to vend it by the cup.

FITS! FITS! FITS!

Persons laboring under this distressing malady will find HANCE'S Epileptic Pills to be the only remedy ever discovered for

CURING EPILEPSY OR FALLING FITS.

Read the following remarkable cure:

PHILADELPHIA, June 28, 1866.

To Seth S. Hance, Baltimore, Md.

DEAR SIR:—Seeing your advertisement in the Saturday Evening Post, I was induced to try your Epileptic Pills. I was attacked with epilepsy in July, 1863. Immediately my family physician was summoned, but he could give me no relief from the medicines he prescribed. I then consulted another physician, but I seemed to grow worse. I then tried the treatment of another, but without any good effect. I again returned to my family physician, was cupped and bled at several different times. I was generally attacked without any premonitory symptoms. I had from two to five fits in a day, at about intervals of two weeks. I was often attacked in my sleep and would fall wherever I would be or whatever I would be occupied with, and was severely injured several times from the falls. I was affected so much that I lost all confidence in myself. I also was affected in my business, and I consider that your Epileptic Pills cured me. In February, 1865, I commenced to use your Pills. I only had two attacks afterward. The last one was on 5th of April, 1866, and they were of a less serious character. With the blessing of Providence, your medicine was made the instrument by which I was cured of that distressing affliction. I think that the pills and their good effects should be made known everywhere, so that persons who are similarly afflicted may have the benefit of them. Any persons wishing any information, will obtain it by calling at my residence, 636 North Third Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

WM. ELDEN.

Sent to any part of the country by mail, free of postage. Address SETH S. HANCE, 108 Baltimore Street, Baltimore, Md. Price—one box, $3; two, $5; twelve, $27.

jy6-eow10t

Dr. Radway's Pills (Coated) Are Infallible as a Purgative and Purifier of the Blood.

BILE.

Bile in the Stomach can be suddenly eliminated by one dose of the Pills—say from four to six in number. When the Liver is in a torpid state, when species of acrid matter from the blood or a serous fluid should be overcome, nothing can be better than Radway's Regulating Pills. They give no unpleasant or unexpected shock to any portion of the system; they purge easily, are mild in operation, and, when taken, are perfectly tasteless, being elegantly coated with gum. They contain nothing but purely vegetable properties, and are considered by high authority the best and finest purgative known. They are recommended for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Kidneys, Nervous Diseases, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Bilious Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and symptoms resulting from Disorders of the Digestive Organs. Price, 25 cts. per box. Sold by Druggists.

mar16-eow-tf

DEAFNESS CURED.—DR. STILWELL'S ORGANIC VIBRATOR. It fits into the ear and is not perceptible, removes singing in the head, and enables deaf persons to hear distinctly at church and public assemblies.

A Treatise on Deafness, Catarrh, Consumption and Cancer; their causes, means of speedy relief and ultimate cure, by a pupil of the Academy of Medicine, Paris. Sent free for 10 cents. Scrofulous diseases successfully treated. Dr. T. H. STILWELL, 21 East Washington Place, New York City, where all letters, to receive attention, must be addressed.

Dr. Stilwell, of New York, assisted by Dr. Perban, of the University of Vienna, will be professionally at 1032 Pine St., Philadelphia, Tuesday next 10 to 4. oct12-4t

---

NO REMEDY IN THE WORLD ever came into such universal use, or has so fully won the confidence of mankind, as AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL for the cure of Coughs, Colds and Consumption.

oct5-2t

PARIS, Aug. 24th—To-day the enormous quantity of 2,000 ton franc Musical Boxes were retailed by one firm.—"*Temps.*"

MONS. BERE, Sole Agent in U. S. for Michael & Co., of Geneva, will forward one of their charming Instruments, playing 8 select modern airs, for $3. Six sent, C. O. D.; a less number cash. No agents, no discount. Address M. BERE, 10 State Street, New York.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.—Females whose systems are deranged from sedentary employment, will find immediate relief by using a few boxes of these most reliable Pills. They purify and enrich the blood, enabling the various organs to fulfil their duties. Manufactory, 80 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 28th of Sept., by the Rev. Thos. C. Murphy, Mr. THOMAS LINN to Miss HARRIET W., daughter of John W. Sexton, Esq., both of this city.

On the 29th of Sept., by the Rev. Wm. Cathcart, Mr. FIRTH WOOD, of Mauch Chunk, to Miss HANNAH E., daughter of the late Mr. W. W. Kaye, of this city.

On the 20th of Sept., by the Rev. Wm. B. Wood, Mr. FERDINAND SHOEMAKER to Miss MARY A. WALKER, both of this city.

On the 30th of Sept., by the Rev. T. A. Fernley, Mr. EDWARD KELLY to Miss MARY A. PODELL, both of this city.

In October last, by John G. Wilson, V. D. M., CALEB F. ANDERSON to ANNA M. LOWRIE, both of this city.

On the 5th of Aug., by the Rev. C. Coombs, JOHN H. HOOVER, Esq., to CLARA LANGENFELT, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 1st instant, Mr. GEORGE COOKMAN, aged 73 years.

On the 1st instant, GEORGE H. SPRINGER, aged 72 years.

On the 30th of Sept., Mr. ABRAHAM DUNLAP, in his 61st year.

On the 30th of Sept., JAMES CONOVER, in his 65th year.

On the 30th of Sept., CATHARINE, wife of George Downey, Sr., in her 72d year.

On the 29th of Sept., Mrs. MARGARET, wife of Allen Falls, aged 36 years.

On the 29th of Sept., JAMES MONTGOMERY, in his 69th year.

On the 28th of Sept., BARNABY A. SIMONS, in her 5th year.

On the 26th of Sept., Mrs. ELIZABETH ANDREWS, in her 88th year.

☞ Every brute is exempt from most of our diseases. They are entirely artificial, and no brute is ingenious enough to contrive them.

THE LOST CHORD.

BY ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTOR.

Seated one day at the organ,
I was weary and ill at ease,
And my fingers wandered idly
Over the noisy keys.

I do not know what I was playing,
Or what I was dreaming then;
But I struck one chord of music,
Like the sound of a great Amen.

It flooded the crimson twilight,
Like the close of an Angel's Psalm,
And it lay on my fevered spirit
With a touch of infinite calm.

It quieted pain and sorrow,
Like love overcoming strife,
It seemed the harmonious echo
From our discordant life.

It linked all perplexed meanings
Into one perfect peace,
And trembled away into silence
As if it were loth to cease.

I have sought, but seek it vainly,
That one lost chord divine,
That came from the soul of the organ,
And entered into mine.

It may be that death's bright angel
Will speak in that chord again,
It may be that only in heaven
I shall hear that grand Amen.

I HAVE WAITED:

A Love Story.

BY GEORGIANA M. CRAIK.

I.

"Now hush, my dearie, hush, there's a good man! Your mother is a poor creature, but she can take care of her little lad yet, and she will. It will never be she that will sit by and see him thrashed—not for all the Langtons and all the book learning in England!"

The speaker sat in her cottage kitchen, in an arm-chair by the fireside, plaiting straw; a feeble, sickly-looking woman, with a querulous face. She had fretted herself into ill health two years ago when her husband died, John Morton, the Brent fisherman, who had lost his life one wild night coming home round the headland with his laden boat; and she was never likely, with her indolent and repining nature, to be anything but an invalid now for the rest of her days.

On a stool at her feet sat the boy whose unmerited whipping she bewailed—a small child, disfigured by abundant weeping. The room had also one other occupant, a dark-eyed girl of nineteen or twenty, who sat in the window sewing.

She sat sewing, but she let her work drop down upon her knees as Mrs. Morton spoke, and raised a face that was full of a strange kind of pain.

"Mother," she said, in a low, intense tone, "I could not help it."

"You didn't try to help it," Mrs. Morton retorted, quickly. "You wouldn't care if Langton broke every bone in his body—as he nearly has done—bad luck to his ugly face," she cried, bitterly.

"Mother, hush!"

As Mrs. Morton spoke those last words the girl's eyes had flashed, and her fingers had contracted almost convulsively.

And yet few others—men or women—in the parish would have been much concerned at a far greater amount of vituperation passed upon Philip Langton; few who had had any dealings with him would have been disposed to stand up very warmly in his defence. He was not a popular man in Brent.

He had come to the place a year ago to be master of the village school—the rector's school, as it was called. High testimonials had procured him the appointment, nor indeed were his abilities ever questioned; they were all that could be desired, and more than were needed for the post. He was found, however, to be violent-tempered, haughty, reserved, independent, and he soon got an ill name alike with rector and scholars.

He had been born and brought up as a gentleman. His father and mother had died when he was a child; at eighteen he had quarrelled with the uncle under whose guardianship he had been brought up, and utterly without resources of his own had left his house, and from that time to this his life had been a restless battle and struggle. He was clever, ambitious, determined—and friendless. In twelve years, spite of his talents, he had risen to no higher post than this humble one of village schoolmaster.

In the same school at Brent, three months after the arrival of Mr. Langton, Margaret Morton had been appointed mistress. She was young to hold such a post, but since her father's death the support both of her mother and brother had fallen almost entirely upon her; and this circumstance, when the place became vacant last winter, had given her, in the estimation of the kind-hearted rector, a strong claim to the appointment. She had besides been monitress in the school for some years; she was a good girl, too, and clever; the rector liked her, and before she had occupied her new post for a month it became clear that the whole school was of one feeling with him.

I say she was clever. In a very short time Philip Langton discovered that. Presently, moved, I suppose, by some feeling of kindness, he offered, if she cared for it, to help her to advance her studies. Perhaps she, too, had some ambition—some desire to be at a future time more than a village school teacher. Be that as it may, she accepted his offer, and she had now been his pupil for six months. He had found her quick, earnest and trusting; repaying that trust, he had made himself to her patient, unwearied, and gentle. Master and pupil suited each other.

It was evening, seven o'clock on a June day. The school had long been cleared of its throng of children; books and slates were put away into their places; the brick floor was clean swept. At the girls' room the door was locked, but the boys' room was still open, and alone at the master's desk stood Mr. Langton, a thin, slight man, with a dark, resolute face, by no means prepossessing or handsome. He used to give Margaret her lesson usually about this hour, and he was waiting for her now. To-day, however, he had to wait a quarter of an hour or more before she came. When she did come at last he was writing, and only raised his head for a moment as he heard her step.

"You are late," was all he said.

"Yes; I was detained a little while at home."

She had brought out her books and arranged them before he moved from his desk. Coming at length in silence, he drew a seat beside her, and took the open book out of her hands.

"What have you prepared?"

"Those two pages."

He began to question her upon them forthwith. She could usually answer what he asked her readily; to-day, however, her thoughts were evidently wandering.

He tried more than once to fix her attention, but still, in spite of that, the lesson was ill said.

He put down the book at last.

"You are not well to-day?" he asked.

"Oh, yes; I am well," she said, quickly.

"What are you thinking of, then? Not of your lesson?"

"No." She hesitated a moment.

"Tell me."

"I wanted to speak to you, Mr. Langton," she said, suddenly. "You were very angry with my brother this morning."

"Well?"

"You hurt him very much."

"I meant to hurt him."

"He is very young."

"Young or old, he did wrong."

There was a pause. Mr. Langton sat forward, leaning his dark face on his hand.

"Well?" he said again.

Her eyes had fallen. When he questioned her they looked back to his face; she began to speak again, and gradually as she spoke her cheek flushed hot and bright.

"Could you not be a little gentler with them—a little less angry with them when they do wrong? I know that they must be punished; I know that Tom deserved to be punished to-day; but—if you could be a little gentler! When you are angry every one misunderstands you. Oh, Mr. Langton!" she cried, "you do not know half of what is said against you!"

The tears had sprung up into her eyes; her earnest distress had filled her face with a look almost of passion.

"I cannot attend to all the fools' tongues in Brent," was his scornful answer. "Stand you by me, and they may talk as they please."

"But could you not bear a little with them?" she pleaded timidly. "Mr. Langton, you must not think that they can do you no harm. They send every complaint they have against you to the rectory. They are saying already"—the poor girl's voice almost broke down—"they are saying already that you will not be much longer here."

"Ay? are they saying that?" and he laughed.

She gave him one sad look, and then dropped her head and spoke no more. Her clasped hands lay on her lap; presently as she sat large tears fell down and wet them. She never moved; he also sat motionless. She thought he did not know she was weeping, but she was wrong there; he was conscious of every tear she shed.

Quietly watching her, he let the silence last for several minutes; then bending to her at last he said these words:

"If it comes to that—if I am not to be here much longer—Margaret, will you let me leave Brent as poor as when I came?"

She started as he spoke, but she neither replied to him nor raised her head. He did not withdraw his look from her; after a few moments he spoke again:

"I have loved no woman before. You are my first love, Margaret. Will you be my wife?"

She answered him then:

"What am I that you should ask me this?" she said, in an agitated voice. "I am nothing but a poor, ignorant girl. Oh, no—no—no!" she cried. "Your wife must not be one like me!"

"Margaret!" he said.

She had not looked up till then, but at that call, as if its passionate tenderness compelled her, she raised her face. What need was there to speak again? By her two hands he drew her near to him, and took her in his arms.

II.

They told no one of their engagement, for they knew the outcry that would on all hands follow its discovery, and no one suspected it. For three months they were both infinitely happy.

Even in the school during these months there was improvement. Margaret's power over Mr. Langton was very great; one word or one look from her, one touch of her hand, could subdue him in his angriest and haughtiest moods; and, rendered pliable by his love for her, he strove, and often strove successfully, to bend his pride and curb his temper. Thus, for a time, all things went wonderfully well. But this hollow kind of peace was not a thing to last. Margaret could not be always by his side, or in his sight; and one day at length, in an unlucky hour, suddenly, without warning, the three months' tranquillity expired.

Mr. Langton quarrelled with the rector. The rector was really wrong in the ground of quarrel, and Philip right; but Philip, in his indignation, forgot all deference due to him as his employer, stood up before him as equal to equal, and the end of that day's business was, that when the school house was closed in the afternoon the key of it went into the rector's pocket.

He had written the sentence of their separation. Margaret knew that, but she did not reproach him. They met together that evening for the last time, at the foot of a cliff beside the sea, which had witnessed many a meeting of theirs before, with the calm wide water stretching from their feet.

"It must have come sooner or later," he said. "Do not grieve so for it, my darling. I was wasting time here. My going now will only bring me back to you the sooner."

She looked up wistfully to his face.

"The future is all so dark," she cried; "we cannot see into it. I feel as if I was holding the last link of a golden chain; and to-night—to-night before I sleep—it will have fallen from me."

"No; it will not have fallen!" he answered cheerfully. "Your hand grasping one end, mine holding fast the other, it will remain stretched out between us until the hour that I come back. Margaret, I will work for you; I will struggle for you; I will rise for you. And you," he cried, "wait for me! for no power, but the power of God taking my life, shall keep me from coming back."

"I will wait," she said. "I will wait years and years. If you die before I ever see you again I will wait for you till we meet in heaven."

III.

She did wrong to keep their engagement from her mother. Poor Margaret knew that, and was troubled by the knowledge; but she had not courage to awaken the storm of abuse which she knew well would fall upon her head should she divulge it, so she let time pass on, and told her mother nothing. She kept her secret for two years, hearing from her lover occasionally, but not often, and living on her silent trust in him.

After these two years were ended, one day, a bright summer afternoon, Mrs. Morton stood at her cottage door, shading her eyes from the strong sunlight as she looked eagerly towards the school-house, whence the school-children were coming pouring out and swarming down the road, and whence presently, with a step that was slower than theirs, came Margaret. Mrs. Morton's tongue was loosed as she drew near:

"Oh, dear me! what a time that school does keep you!" she ejaculated. "Such a state I've been in all day; my poor head's just worn out with thinking. Margaret, you never will guess as long as you live, but what do you think the postman brought me here this morning?"

"What, mother?" As she spoke, Margaret's whole face flushed.

"Oh, you may well ask what. I tell you you'll never guess. Why, he brought a letter from your Uncle Tom, in America—who might have been dead and buried, for anything I've known, these five years—and he's sent us money to go out to him. Yes, he says we're to go out to him, every one of us, and he'll keep us as long as we live. Why, Margaret!" Mrs. Morton cried—"Margaret! God bless the girl, are you going to faint?"

"Mother, come in. Mother, come in and shut the door."

White and trembling, Margaret passed into the kitchen. She let her mother join her there, and grasping her hands tight within her own she began to speak hurriedly, in a low, constrained, almost hard tone:

"Mother, I cannot go; I cannot leave England," she said. "If you go, you must go alone. No—no—don't look like that at me. I have had news, too, to-day. Oh, mother!" she cried, all hardness suddenly breaking down as she clasped Mrs. Morton's hands upon her breast, "*speak gently to me, look kindly on me. Dear mother! dear mother! I am going to be Philip Langton's wife.*"

Mrs. Morton stood before her daughter, face to face, and caught her by her arms.

"You are going to be *what?*" burst from her lips. "Going to be *what?*" she cried.

"I am going to be his wife." Her answer came almost triumphantly now. "I promised him long before he went. He wrote to me to-day to tell me that he could marry me. And he is coming!" she cried, the light flashing up into her face.

It was the last flash of gladness that lighted that poor face for many a day to come. Margaret had told her secret, and what followed was a storm of tears and passionate reproaches so violent as to exhaust all the small stock of strength that Mrs. Morton had, and force her, before many hours were over, to her bed, where she lay and sobbed and moaned all night, and by morning had worn herself ill enough to make Margaret unable to leave the house. Throughout that whole day, from morning to night, her daughter sat beside her, listening to her reproaches, and her self-bewailings, and her passionate entreaties. For years past—indeed, for well-nigh her whole life long—Mrs. Morton had been very well aware that her strength lay in her fretful pertinacity, and her deadness to every other creature's comfort but her own. In former days she had ruled her husband by her querulous selfishness; for years she had ruled her daughter by the same means; selfishness was to her her armor of proof, and, as she had resorted to it in countless straits before, so she resorted to it now. Margaret had worked for her, and devoted herself to her, and humored her, and Mrs. Morton felt that it would be hard now to do without this filial care; and feeling this, whatever a generous and noble nature could least bear to have itself accused of, these things did the mother launch at her daughter's head. She hung herself as a dead weight round Margaret's neck, and then, wringing her hands, called every one to witness how Margaret was about to throw her mother off.

For two days Margaret bore this persecution almost in silence, sitting hour after hour by her mother's side, with her poor heart growing cold and faint within her. What could she do? They were all against her—mother, brother, friends; she had no one to take her part, no one—not a single one—to utter Philip Langton's name except with abuses or reproach. What should she do? Hour after hour for those two weary days the poor girl's desolate, passionate question went up to heaven.

And slowly and relentlessly, as those hours went on, the hope that had been her torch so long paled and died out. She fought for two days, and then the battle ended. When the evening of the second day came she knew that she must give him up.

She must give him up—her love! her life! She was sitting when the struggle ended by her mother's side, who, worn out with forty-eight hours of fretting, was lying at last with closed eyes and lips. She had lain so for half an hour, her thin face shrunk, her pale cheeks hollowed with those two days' illness, and for half an hour Margaret had sat and watched her. Sat in the deep silence—the first moments of peace that had been given her—and watched her as she lay there, sickly and feeble and lonely, till a conviction rose within her heart that conquered her—a despairing, hopeless conviction—that she dared not leave her.

She sat when it had come, and rocked herself to and fro, crouching her head, putting out her hands and covering her face, moaning over and over again some low, unintelligible, broken-hearted words. She never changed sound or movement till Mrs. Morton's querulous voice broke on her misery. She only changed them then to raise her white face to her mother, and strive to utter words which at her first effort choked her and would not come.

And when at last, kneeling by the bed-side, with her face pressed upon her outstretched hands, the poor girl uttered them, giving her broken-hearted promise that she would go, for her reward there came this answer:

"Could you not have said as much at the beginning," Mrs. Morton said, "without doing your best to kill me first? But you are still as you have been all your life, thinking of no creature in the world except yourself."

IV.

The promise was given, and from that time onward she was altogether passive. The chief object of every one about her was to hurry her away before Philip Langton could hear that she was going. She knew this, but she never said a word. Living as they did they only needed a few days to make their preparations for departure. The rector promised, without detaining Margaret, to find a substitute for her in the school. By the end of a week they were all in readiness to go.

She sat, on the last night, in her own room alone. Through all the week poor Langton's unanswered letter had lain upon her heart. To-night she wrote to him.

Like one whom sorrow had stunned into insensibility, she told him all that had been done; she told him of the promise she had given him, almost without one demonstration of emotion. And only then, when all was said, suddenly at some stray thought—the chance recalling of a few words uttered long before—all the great agony of her heart burst forth.

"Do you remember," she said, "that evening when we parted, how I told you that I felt as if I had hold of the last link of a chain?"

And then—

"What am I to do?" she broke out wildly. "Oh, my God! what am I to do? How am I to live all my life long alone? Oh, Philip, help me! Philip, have mercy on me! write me one word, or I shall die. Oh, if I could have seen you once more—only once more—only once more before I go! All day long—all night, as I lie awake, I think of it. Oh, Philip! write to me—write to me and forgive me, or my heart will break."

She had been in her new home for a month when the answer to that appeal was brought to her. A hard and cruel answer. This was what it said:

"I trusted all my happiness to you, and you have wrecked it. For this I give you no forgiveness. From your solemn promise to become my wife—from your solemn promise to wait for me till I should come and claim you—no power on earth had the right to set you free. You have broken those promises of your own weak choice and will. Had I been by your side you had not dared to do this wrong to me. If you had been faithful I would have loved you as never living man will love you now. I would have cherished you as never man will cherish you. You have chosen your own lot apart from me. And I—"

The letter broke off here. To this last blank desolate line there was added nothing but the passionate, bitter cry—"Margaret! Margaret!"

V.

A pleasant room, with windows opening to a terrace, and, beyond, a garden sloping to the sea. A summer day in southern latitudes.

"And so, after all these years," cried a lady reclining on a cushioned sofa. "Henry Fitzgibbon has come back again!"

"Ay, he has come at last."

"I am so curious to see him. We must go early, Mr. Travers, and have a talk with him before the other people come. And with regard to the girls, Miss Morton"—Mrs. Travers raised herself a little, and turned her head—"as my sister likes you to be early, you had better join us about eight."

At the far end of the room Margaret Morton sits writing, with a cheek that nine years have paled, and a figure that their hand have made more slight. All the rounded comeliness of former days is gone; and yet that calm, refined, strong face is beautiful now with a beauty it never possessed of old. The dark eyes have a deep, tender look in them, sometimes sad, oftener composed and cheerful; for she has wrought her way out of that great anguish of her youth, and it shades her years now only with a silent and subdued sadness, not any longer with passionate sorrow and revolt.

Yet the love that caused that bitter suffering has been the leading star—the refining element of her life. Its influence has led her in everything that she has done—in everything that she has struggled to become. She has been true to it in her whole heart and being, in spite of Philip's injustice, in spite of her own renunciation.

She has risen to the position of a governess in a merchant's family. Hither and thither her lot has led her, during these nine years, over that wide American continent; she is now in a pleasant southern town on the coast of Florida. She is all alone in the world. The kind uncle who brought her over is dead; the sickly mother dead, too, a year ago; her brother, the only one remaining, is a fortune-seeker in California.

"You will be at my sister's at eight o'clock," Mrs. Travers said; and at eight o'clock Margaret and her pupils sat in Mrs. Maurice's drawing-room.

She sat before a side-table strewn with books, and wiled the time away in turning them over. There were a few small groups of ladies in the room, making a faint buzz of conversation, but it was not loud enough to interrupt her. For a long while she read undisturbed, until the feeble buzz at last leapt into quicker animation, for the drawing-room door was opened, and new voices sounded, new faces entered and filled the room.

A few feet from where she sat there stood a small empty sofa. Towards this there presently came two persons, and took possession of it—Mrs. Travers, and a gentleman whose face was strange to Margaret. As they sat down it was he who spoke first.

"Begin from your own marriage, and tell me everything," he said. "What has become of all my old friends? I can scarcely see or hear of one of them."

"I can give you a score of histories," she answered. "Who shall I begin with?" And they fell at once into an animated talk together.

It might have lasted perhaps for half an hour, when, after a momentary pause, Margaret heard these words:

"In the midst of all this," Mrs. Travers's companion said, "how in the world have you contrived to be so little changed? To look at you I can scarcely believe that I have ever been away; yet the whole morning I have been complaining to Langton that I cannot recognize a single face I see."

She looked up with an involuntary start, but it was only for a moment. She had heard strangers called by that name before. There were more Langtons in the world than hers.

"By the way," Mrs. Travers said, "who is this Mr. Langton? Where did you pick him up?"

"Langton? Oh, he is a man with some name in political circles in England. He is just now secretary to Lord ——."

"He is not in the room at present, is he? I am so blind—but I don't see him."

"No; he and Travers got into a discussion together, and we left them to fight it out."

They then turned the talk back to their own affairs. With a low sigh Margaret stooped her face again upon her book. "It is not Philip, it is not Philip," she whispered to herself. Bending her head she shaded her eyes, and for a minute closed their lids; and before her attitude was altered, before her eyes were re-opened, there fell upon her ear the long unheard voice.

"How beautiful your open sea here is," it said. "It brings to my mind the only place where I ever lived before by the open sea—a little village in the south of England."

She looked up and saw him. That vision that nine years had robbed her of; that lover to whose memory her life, with all its struggles, successes, endurances, had been an offering. There, before her, his foot within a pace of where she sat, his dark familiar face clear in her sight; familiar, yet how strange, after this absence, this silence, this abnegation of nine years.

A hand was laid kindly on her arm, and on her ear came the tones of another voice—

"You feel this room very hot," it said. "Do you not, Miss Morton? I am sure you are hot, you look so pale and tired. Come away with me, and let us take a little walk upon the terrace."

The outstretched hand drew her from her seat. Oh, this was cruel! There leapt up to her lips one piteous cry—one helpless cry of passionate resistance; and then she rose, and went. Away she went, from where her hungry eyes had rested, to the dimly-lighted terrace.

"Now take my arm; we will walk for a little here."

She answered "Yes," but she could not do it. She tried, and walked a dozen steps, then suddenly stood still, and cried:

"Let me sit down."

She leaned against a pillar near her.

"Mrs. Carlton, let me sit down! Here, where it is not light; oh, here, where it is not light!" she cried.

"My dear, there is no seat; stand still one moment."

Pausing to ask no questions, Mrs. Carlton hurried to the house. She was absent for a few seconds; then she returned, and not alone. Another arm was laden with the chair she had gone to find, and another hand set it by Margaret's side.

"Thank you, Mr. Langton. Now, my dear, sit down. You will be better soon in this fresh air."

She sat down as she was bidden; helplessly, without a word. She gave no thanks.

Having come, he stayed. Deliberately and at once he took the place where she had stood, and leaned where she had leaned against the pillar. He stood with his face partly towards her, with the light upon it.

"We shall never teach this northern snowdrop to bear our southern warmth," Mrs. Carlton said. "Mr. Langton, are all your countrywomen so hard to accustom to new climates? Are they all such fragile creatures as this one?"

He turned his head where Margaret sat, and looked at her. Following that look there came no change upon his face, no token in him of recognition, nothing but this quiet answer:

"You are used to a warmer coloring here. Our northern snows rob English women of that."

"And yet England is a good way from the pole. And you are not like a snowdrop, Mr. Langton, at all."

"I am scarcely English; my mother was an Italian."

"Was she? I did not know. And have you lived in Italy? Ah, Mr. Langton!" she cried suddenly, in a quick outburst of her southern enthusiasm, "tell me about Italy. What parts of it do you know? Do you know Rome and Venice? Ah, tell me about them."

Her request was eager, but he was very slow to do her bidding. Possibly his thoughts were occupied to-night with other things than Italy's falling palaces and walls; yet presently her quick questioning roused him; he warmed and spoke. There, where the light fell on his face, illumining each kindling lineament, he stood and talked to her of the mighty cities of the south.

It was a thing that might have been a dream, so strange, unreal; the southern summer nights and the softened lights; the scene so unlike all scenes of home, and yet in the midst of it, so calmly, quietly mingling with it, that one home figure, the centre star of Margaret's life. But even he so changed. All calmed, softened, refined; the old dark face, dark and irregular still, but in its whole expression grown so full of harmony and strength; its restive pride composed, its aggressive temper all subdued.

She listened to him as he talked, listened at first with a strange thrilling wonder of delight, then presently with a nameless sickening pain. Oh! she had striven all these years to reach up to his height, and he had left her in the race, as if she had not run.

"And now, after all your European wanderings," Mrs. Carlton said, "you have at last come here."

He answered, "Yes."

"Are you going further south?"

"No; I shall retrace my steps now."

"But not at once, I hope?"

"I may leave to-morrow. If not to-morrow, still as soon as possible."

Sitting in the shadow, Margaret heard, and lifted up her head, swiftly, suddenly, driven by the starting cry of her sharp misery. She lifted up her head, and her raised eyes saw—

Oh! this was no stranger's look upon her—this was no stranger's gaze, sending its keen light through her!

"So soon as to-morrow? Why, Mr. Langton, you will have seen nothing."

"I shall have seen what I came to see," he answered.

"Ah, well! About that I cannot speak," she said, laughing; and there was a few moment's pause, which was broken presently by a sound of music coming through the opened door.

"That is Mrs. Travers's voice," Mrs. Carlton said. "Mr. Langton, you must come and hear her, she has the finest voice I know. Miss Morton, will you remain here, or come with us? You had better both come."

She went forward towards the door, and Mr. Langton followed her. One moment Margaret saw the two figures stand upon the threshold; then one went forward, and the other retraced his steps.

He came back in silence, calmly and quietly, to the place that he had left, into Margaret's full sight—there where she sat motionless, her clasped hands as he neared her only closing their fingers tighter.

He stood before her in silence for several moments; then, through the distant music, she heard his voice.

"She said I should see nothing," he said, abruptly. "She was wrong. Shall I tell you what I have seen?"

His eyes were directed towards her, but he did not wait for her to speak. Before she could reply he spoke again.

"She told me to tell her about ruined cities. There are other ruins besides fallen stones. One such," and his voice sank into infinite tenderness, "I have seen to-night—a temple that I left entire—fresh from God's hand."

She rose up suddenly from her seat and stood before him with her slight figure erect, and with all that she had in her of gentle pride gathered upon her face.

"My white face does me wrong to-night," she said. "I am no ruin. I have known sorrow, as others have; but no sorrow I have felt has crushed me. I have grown to look old, perhaps; but I am not young now, even in years."

His dark face had for a moment thrown off its mask, but all tenderness that in word or look had begun to appear in him shrank back before her words. The pause that came when she ceased to speak was broken by this reply:

"If there has been no suffering then my petition may be granted the more easily. I have come a long way," he said, slowly, "to ask your forgiveness for a wrong done to you long ago." He paused for a moment, and then his voice grew bitter as he ended. "It will cost you little to grant it. When the pain of a wrong has ceased, we can forgive the wronger easily."

She had been very calm outwardly when she had spoken, but now her hands were crushed together, and her eyes, fixed on his face, were troubled and dark. She stood one moment shivering; then all her love rose in a wild defence, and out of that nine years' silence leapt this cry:

"It has not ceased! oh, the pain has not ceased!"

Her head fell down upon her parted hands, she hid her face upon them, and broke with passionate helplessness into a low, piteous sob.

"Margaret, I have been faithful," he cried. "In spite of that harsh wrong I have lived for you. I have worked for you. I came to pray for more than forgiveness. I came to pray for my reward."

It was far away, that English village by the old familiar sea, yet, before his tones had died away, how there flashed back on her a picture of it, clearer than the sight of tropic land. She lifted up her eyes—the passionate gaze of old was on her face; she raised her arms—they fell to their old place upon his neck; she spoke to him.

Long years ago he had told her to wait for him till he came back. Like a child delivering up its trust, she whispered:

"I have waited!"

That was all. From him there only came one passionate low utterance of her name. Then between them there was perfect silence, and they stood beneath the tropic trees as they had stood nine years before under the sea-cliff at Brent.

THERESA.

Show you her picture? Here it lies!
Hands of lilies, and lily-like brow,
Mouth that is bright as a rose, and eyes
That are just the sweet soul's overflow.

Darling shoulders, softly pale,
Borne by the undulating play
Of the life below, up out of their veil,
Like lilies out o' th' waves o' th' May.

Throat as white as the throat of a swan,
And all as proudly graceful held;
Fair bare bosom, "clothed upon
With chastity," like the lady of eld.

Tender lids, that drooping down,
Chide your glances over-bold;
Hair, with a golden gleam in the brown,
And brown again in the gleaming gold.

These on your eyes like a splendor fall,
And you marvel not at my love, I see;
But it was not one, and it was not all,
That made her the angel she was to me.

So shut the picture and put it away,
Your fancy is only thus misled;
What can the dull, cold semblance say,
When the spirit and life of Theresa is fled?

☞ An announcement is made in the Irish papers which will effectually prevent the possibility of a gathering which has always been a disgrace to the district, and the cause of much misery. The owners of the ground on which Donnybrook Fair has been held in years past inform the public that no fair will be held this year.

Beauty is Power.

What power was ever equal to that of getting an old, ugly, vulgar, pushing, and hitherto disappointed woman, into "the very best society?" Yet Beauty—beauty of the very highest order can do this. It is magical, and may well be spoken of as gifted with a wand. Venus has properly no other title but that of Victrix. When is she ever anything else? Turn from mythology to political economy, and the point for which we contend remains equally clear. What is the definition, in that accurate science, of the value of a thing? Its purchasing power. What is there that Beauty cannot purchase? Let it be born lowly, and it shall order itself a dukedom, and will not improbably get it. Of course, the tone of the market varies from time to time. Mercantile affairs, we all know, are subject to oscillation. But Beauty can always buy something like the thing it wants. If the beautiful beggar-maid cannot always invest in a king, the beautiful bourgeoise need never despair, at least, of obtaining some lordling or other. Should Beauty be fairly enough born, but disagreeably poor, Beauty may drive into Lombard street, or even walk thither, and take her pick of the *jeunesse doree* of its celebrated bank parlors. And even if Beauty be born a fool—and ill-natured people pretend that such is often Beauty's fate—its purchasing power is so unlimited that should it, against all probability, condescend to bid for the brains of the most rising middle-aged barrister, of the most eloquent preacher, or of the most promising young diplomat in the service, there will be no manner of difficulty in making it a bargain. Thus its purchasing power would seem to be commensurate with all desirable commodities. But between it and all other things which enjoy purchasing power, there is this remarkable difference. In the language of political economy, they are exchanged for the commodity which they command. But Beauty makes no exchange. It buys everything, so to speak, without paying for it. It purchases birth and wealth, and when it has purchased these two excellent things, everybody actually declares aloud that it is more beautiful than ever.

We must not omit to point out another peculiarity in the power of Beauty, or we might not be thought to have fully demonstrated our case. Beauty is power in all times and under all circumstances, whereas every other attribute which sophists may pretend to be likewise power, can lay claim to be such in a very limited sense, and only under certain favorable conditions. The power of Beauty is unconditioned—it is absolute—it is universal. All other power is, at best but particular. Let us take, for example, the instance already alluded to, as embodied in the dictum "Knowledge is power." Knowledge is power in a debating society, or in an æsthetic tea-room; but what is its power at a ball or in a street row? As Johnson says, "Go into the square and give one man a lecture on morality and the other a shilling, and see which will respect you the most." Beauty *is* power everywhere and always. You may see it interrupt a lecturer, disconcert a preacher, and make an orator forget the thread of his argument. It disturbs the saint at his prayers, the poet at his sonnet, and even the accountant laboring at his sum-total.

It has even happened that Section D of the "British Association" was as good as closed for the day by the unexpected entrance of Beauty. President, Vice-President, Secretary, were in just as bad case as Paolo Malatesta and Francesca when they closed the book and read no further on. The English Legislature, thereby once more proving its claim to be considered the most practical assembly in the world, while admitting Beauty to its debates, and thus testifying to its power, bears still stronger witness to the truth of our proposition, by refusing to allow it to be seen. The perforated screen in front of the ladies' gallery might properly carry the inscription, in Gothic letters, "Beauty is Power." Just as it is unconstitutional for the Sovereign to be present at the debates in the Lower House, lest his presence might overawe or corrupt freedom of speech, so the presence of Beauty, and for a similar reason, is practically excluded. Its smiles, like those of the monarch, are of too acknowledged a potency to be allowed unrestrained admission to an assembly whose complete immunity from venal motives is notorious, and which, like Cæsar's wife, even in the moment of reformation, must not even be suspected.

We have not dwelt upon the relative powerlessness of ugliness, or even of plainness; firstly, because the subject is disagreeable, or, in other words, because what we should be obliged to say thereon would be painfully true, and secondly, because we think that our position is too strong, even on the positive side, to need any corroboration from what may be called negative arguments. We only appeal to the plain people to look into their own hearts, and say if we have exaggerated the power of Beauty. They themselves, and they know it, make concessions to the beautiful, which they would never dream of making to their ill-favored fellows in distress. This deference to Beauty, this slavish submission to it, may be right or may be wrong, but it is universal. If it is not everybody's nature to practise it, all we can say is, that everybody has caught the habit. There is a positive contention in the bowing down before this tremendous visible divinity. It is omnipotent, and as ruthless as Fate. We even try to propitiate it, though nine times out of ten we know we shall fail.

The Mosquito.

A writer thus tells us how the mosquito looks, what he does for a living, and how he is produced:

It is unscientific to say that mosquitoes bite, for they have no teeth; and they have no need of teeth to seize upon and prepare their food, for they are dainty and take food only in the liquid form—spoon victuals. They are a chivalric race, and attack their enemies with a sort of sword or lance; no doubt they consider biting and gouging quite vulgar. The lance of the mosquito is a very beautiful and perfect piece of work; it is smoother than burnished steel, and its point is so fine and perfect that the most powerful microscope does not discover a flaw in it. As the most delicate cambric needle is to the crowbar, so is the mosquito's lance to the best Damascus blade. The lance is worn in a scabbard or sheath. The scabbard is a suction pipe through which the mosquito drinks its food.

The mosquito is the most musical of all animals. There is no bird which sings so much. He never tires of his simple song. How happy he must be, cheerily singing far into the night. What a volume of melody from so slight a creature. If a man had a voice so loud proportionate to his weight, he might hold a conversation across the Atlantic, and there would be no need of the telegraph.

Let us inquire about the earliest beginning of the mosquito; let us take him in the egg. The mother mosquito has a notion of naval architecture, and out of the eggs she lays she constructs a well-modelled boat, with elevated prow and stern and well-proportioned midships. For the boat she employs from two hundred and fifty to three hundred eggs, building it up piecemeal, somewhat after the manner of men, binding together the individual eggs by means of a powerful water-proof cement, into a substantial and complete structure. Unfortunately, we are unable to give a recipe for the water-proof cement; there are many who would like to have it. The boat is built on the water, and, when completed, she confidently abandons it to the mercy of the wind and wave. Thanks to that water-proof cement, it can neither be broken, nor wetted, nor sunk; it is safer than if it were copper-bottomed. The little craft, it must be remembered, is freighted with life—each of its two hundred and fifty, or three hundred and fifty little staterooms has it tenant.

After a few days' cruising, the occupants of the shells come forth, and the ship is destroyed. But those little creatures are surely not mosquitoes; they appear more like fishes or serpents or little dragons. On closer examination they prove to be what every one knows under the name of "wrigglers;" they are the larvæ of mosquito. They wriggle about in the well-known way for a week or two, and after changing their skins two or three times, they assume quite a new form and movement. They are now what the boys call "tumblers," and are the pupæ of the mosquito. In about a week, if the weather, etc., be favorable, something of the form of the mosquito is seen through the transparent skin of the tumbler. Shortly the prisoner escapes from his confinement as a full-fledged and bold mosquito, and soars away in search of food and pleasure.

"TRIED IN THE FURNACE."

Three years, my darling, hast thou been
mine own—
But three brief years!—
And yet both shade and sunshine have we
known,
Both smiles and tears.
But here in perfect faith we fearless stand,
Heart leant on heart, hand clasping hand.

When first I brought thee to our happy
home,
Mine own dear wife,
And saw thee enter through the gath'ring
gloom—
Light of my life!—
I thanked the Giver with a voiceless prayer,
That rose like incense through the stirless
air.

Flushed with my bliss, I asked, with tearful
eye
And upraised hand—
"Between her heart and care, oh grant
that I
Henceforth may stand,
And I will bear whate'er Thou send'st to
me!"
Time brought the answer—"Man, it *cannot* be!"

Ah no!—it could not be!—vain was my
prayer.
He knew the best
Who, when He sent us overwhelming care,
Showed also rest;
For tender love, tears, prayers availed not
To shield thee from our common human lot.

To our fond, longing hearts at last was
given
A deep, deep bliss;
But now of that brief, happy glimpse of
Heaven,
Remains but this:
For stricken hearts—sad mem'ry's ceaseless
sound;
For tearful eyes—nought save a grassy
mound.

Come, darling, near mine heart! Nay, weep
not so!
I now can see
The light of mercy through our night of
woe—
For I have *thee*
All, all mine own, and my poor life is thine!
Thus blessed and blessing, *how* can we repine?

Ah! now there shineth in thy tear-dimm'd
eyes
A fearless faith,
And in my still undaunted heart there lies
"Love strong as Death—"
Love that can bravely bear, if thus we stand
Heart leant on heart, hand clasped in hand.

CREAKING SHOES.—Vulcan, it is said, being jealous of Venus, made creaking shoes for her, so that he might hear her whenever she stirred. It is a pity that there should be any classical authority for the *crepitus crepida*. In the street, very often in the concert room, and not unfrequently in the church aisle, the creaking and squeaking of the people's leather soles goes far to prove they have no genuine music in their spiritual *souls*. The effect arises from dryness of the leather in part, but correctly speaking, the creaking depends upon the sudden compression of the air contained between two surfaces of leather; just as the sound is produced by the clapping of hands by the air thus set in vibration. Shoes with single soles, it is said, never creak, and by interposing a piece of oil silk between the two soles, the contact of their surfaces may be so insured as to obviate the sound.

☞ "Whatever made you marry that old woman?" said a mother to her son. "Because you always told me to pick a wife like my mother," was the dutiful reply.

☞ "Chignons have assumed the Bismark shade of brown," we learn from a fashion article.

MARRIED WELL.

CHAPTER VII.

A "YOUNG PERSON" DESIRES A SITUATION "IN ANY CAPACITY NOT MENIAL."

The little bird that sees everything has told us what was the origin of the fire; but not a single chirp of information was given to coroner or jury. To the public, then, it remained a mystery. The confidential maid was convinced in her own mind, and eager to commit unintentional perjury by swearing that she had turned the key in the lock of the boudoir-door, and volunteered the conjecture, that the "poor dear" had concealed matches about herself "unbeknown." It was surmised that Mrs. Finch, after ringing violently the bells which had aroused the drowsy servants, had devoted herself to Miss Ewart, and fallen a victim to her devotion. Some of the servants had heard Mrs. Finch's voice calling out their names, and shrieking "Help! fire!" but they had been unable to reach the boudoir, in consequence of the smoke, and had been "hustled out of the house" by the first men who arrived. All that could be made out for certain was, that the house had been burned to the ground, and that Miss Ewart and Mrs. Finch had perished in the flames.

George Ewart, at his aunt's death, came in for eight thousand pounds; Ellen Finch, at her mother's death, came in for orphanage and the loss of even the small pension her mother had received. It is true Nelly had still her twenty pounds a year; but twenty pounds a year, paid quarterly, or half-yearly, with or without extreme punctuality, will not go very far. Man may want but little here below; but woman, especially a young woman, born a lady, bred a lady, and with ladylike tastes in dress and other matters, wants considerably more than twenty pounds a year, which would hardly find her in bread and cheese and bombazine. Her friends confidently predicted that she would marry well; and Caroline and Augusta Platt thought she had only to be introduced into the proper circles to have a choice given her of coronets. But that matter of introduction is a very difficult and delicate one. The duke does marry the actress; the heir does marry the governess; the man of fortune does marry his sister's companion—but not often. Oftener than once in ten thousand times, do you think? Oftener than angels are in the habit of visiting their friends? Much depends on the footing on which you are introduced into circles; and, generally speaking, dukes, heirs, and men of fortune, though they find themselves on the same ladder with actresses, and governesses, and companions, are conscious that they do not stand on the same rungs, seldom draw up to their own height the beauty standing down lower; and if they descend with leer, and sigh, and pretty compliment to her who graces a lower step, it is only to return again to their own elevation, having caused her to fly from her perilous position, or having pushed her off into the abyss of shame. At least so says the wicked world. At anyrate, Mrs. Platt and Dr. Snell were not so ambitious for Nelly as were Caroline and Augusta. Mrs. Platt was sure that Nelly would marry well, but her notions of a good marriage fell considerably short of coronets; so also did Dr. Snell's; and Dr. Snell thought of something else which had not yet occurred to Mrs. Platt. Two months had elapsed since Mrs. Finch's sad death; and time had begun to take off the edge of Nelly's grief. Mrs. Platt was the best of women, and her daughters were the best of girls; but Dr. Snell knew that the best of women is occasionally possessed of a knagging and querulous demon, which cannot be exorcised until words have been spoken, or manners put on, or hints thrown out which nearly break the heart of a "stranger within the gates," which can be borne only by those who have children's rights; and that the best of girls must grow weary before long of a presence they were by no means bound to endure, and which reminded them continually of their own inferiority. "We must find you a situation, little bird," he had one day said to Nelly; and Nelly, with tears of gratitude in her eyes, had expressed her thanks and her desire for the change.

Dr. Snell therefore sounded all his patients, and at last discovered the very thing he wanted. An old married couple, who had brought up a niece from infancy to the age of seven-and-twenty, had been treated with the basest ingratitude. The niece, after becoming intimately acquainted with all their wants, ways, habits and means, after making herself absolutely indispensable (so far as their bodily comforts were concerned,) to them, made an arrant fool of herself (in their estimation,) and married a young man of eight-and-twenty, struggling with the world.

"And," said old Mr. Grimshaw, "they actually called here the other day, doctor, and asked if I wouldn't wish them happiness, and do what I could for them."

"Could for them," chimed in Mrs. Grimshaw, with an injured air, shutting her eyes, and throwing up her chin.

"Well," said the doctor, "what did you say?"

"Oh! I wished them happiness, doctor, and said if anything occurred to me, I would do it; so, after they had gone, it occurred to me I had left Jemima a thousand pounds, and I would go at once and make it five hundred."

"Five hundred!" echoed Mrs. Grimshaw, in a tone of discontent.

"The worst of it is," said the doctor, "Jemima is just the woman to have a large family."

"She'd better not," growled old Grimshaw; "if she does, I'll not leave her a farthing." But how Jemima was to avert—even if she ever heard of—the threat, it is difficult to imagine.

To this promising couple, poor Nelly went as companion, Dr. Snell having previously explained to Nelly what sort of persons they were. The man's a hypochondriac, my dear," said he, "and the woman little better than a nonentity: she is a sort of shadow and echo of the man. And now, mind, if they treat you badly, just let me know, and I will see to it. Old Grimshaw is rather afraid of me; he believes I can give pain or ease at my pleasure, and certainly I have a few harmless but nasty drugs with which I may avenge your wrongs. But perhaps I might in that way make your position more unpleasant. Anyhow, if you do not let me know when you have any complaint to make, I will never forgive you."

CHAPTER VIII.

NELLY'S LOVERS.

When a beautiful girl, not yet twenty years of age, is left as Nelly was left after the fatal fire at Wadsworth House, it is not she alone who is in a delicate position. Nelly, at the parties to which good Miss Ewart had insisted upon her going, had made many acquaintances, and attracted many admirers, especially amongst the younger men. Of them, some had contented themselves, after hearing of her bereavement, with oaths expressive of consternation and discontent at the "hard lines" which fall to the lot of some "poor gals," with suppositions that she would "go in for the gov'ness business, and that sort of thing;" and with opinions that it was "just on the cards she might marry well" (in which case, of course, she was not likely to marry one of them;) others, of a more chivalrous turn, were ready to offer her hand, heart, purse, prospects, and all that was theirs. But of the latter, one did not even know where Nelly was housed; another did not know the Platts; and all knew that some time must elapse before they could talk to Nelly about hands and hearts. There is, moreover, great awkwardness connected with the paying of sympathetic visits to a young woman: graybeards may see her alone, may take her hand and pat it caressingly, and may promise she "shall never want a friend;" but young men, except under very peculiar circumstances, can only show their condolence by making "kind inquiries" (acknowledged by the young woman's protectress,) and leaving cards. At anyrate, just at first; and the progress to a personal interview is so slow and trying, that the sympathetic callers soon drop off. Messrs. Ewart and Fortress, however, knew the Platts intimately; and the former, having in a manner shared Nelly's trouble, and having met her so often at his aunt's, was a sort of privileged person, whom she could see (in the presence of Mrs. Platt or a Miss Platt,) when she could not face visitors in general. George Ewart, therefore, had seen a great deal of Nelly during the two months which elapsed before her engagement to the Grimshaws. Fortress had called once—three days after the catastrophe—and had, of course, asked only for Mrs. Platt, to whom he had come to say good-bye before he left England; and his only consolation was, that Nelly would hear from Mrs. Platt how anxiously he had inquired after Nelly's welfare. "Ah me!" he thought, as he went his way, "she needs some prop to lean upon; and I, who would cheerfully give her my life, cannot ask her even to share my home. Had no evil come upon her, I was bound to silence; and now I am doubly bound by delicacy."

George Ewart also, though he was more remarkable for breadth of shoulders than delicacy of feelings, was restrained from making his "little speech." On the one hand, Nelly gave him no opportunity—her heart was evidently in the grave with her mother; and, on the other, a change had come over himself. He was a selfish man, with somewhat gross tastes: the eight thousand pounds he had come into, added to two thousand he had before possessed, suggested to his unrefined mind the possibility (he had never doubted the propriety) of having one good "fling" (as he would have said) before (to use his own language) he "knuckled under;" that is, became engaged to be married. He was not capable of love, but he liked Nelly almost to the extent of loving; and he believed (and he was right) that Nelly was not far from loving him; for they had suffered in common, and that is much with a woman. Besides, he was a man of tact, and careful of outward observances; and hid the worst parts of his character from even Nelly's eyes. He was well enough to look upon: slightly above the middle height, with dark, curly hair, a good forehead, merry eyes, and shapely mouth; he was the best oar in the college-boat, and a good cricketer; his manner was easy, graceful, and *debonnaire;* he danced well, and he talked pleasantly; and when he had got his degree, he was to take orders (and Nelly inclined towards the clergy.) It was his last long vacation; and, up to the time of his aunt's death, he had no further intentions than to spend his vacation quietly in courting Nelly, go up and take his degree, pay out of his two thousand pounds as much as would be required for settlement of his debts (for he was of the generous nature that buys freely on credit,) keep the rest to eke out a curate's stipend, get ordained, and carry off Nelly to share his humble curacy. But now he would have a "fling" first, take his degree, get ordained, buy a living, and raise Nelly to the dignity of a rector's wife, if not at once, at anyrate in a year or two. And so the "little speech" had not been made when Nelly went as "companion" to the Grimshaws; and, consequently, it would not have been correct for George Ewart to call on Nelly unless he should accompany Mrs. Platt or some other such personage.

CHAPTER IX.

Arcades ambo.—*Virgil.*
A queer couple.—*New Translation.*

On the day on which Nelly was expected at the Grimshaws', old Grimshaw sat after luncheon in an easy-chair, with a large silk handkerchief round his head, a green shade over one eye (which he maintained, against the opinion of Dr. Snell, was weaker than the other,) and thick woolen gloves upon his hands, to protect them from the wasps (for it was September;) and opposite him in another easy-chair, sat, drowsily nodding, his wife and Echo. A servant was removing the things.

"The young woman's coming to-day," growled old Grimshaw—"isn't she?"

"Isn't she?" asked the Echo, starting up and addressing the servant.

"I hunderstood so, mum," said Mary Anne; "we've took and got 'er room to rights."

"When the young woman comes," again growled old Grimshaw, "let's have no drawing-room or nonsense—she'd better be shown in here at once."

"She'd better be shown in here at once,"

said the Echo, passing on the remark to Mary Anne.

"And the young woman's box, or whatever she's got," once more growled old Grimshaw, "don't let it be left in the hall for me to break my neck over; let it be taken upstairs to her room at once."

"Let it be taken up-stairs to her room at once," said the Echo, looking towards Mary Anne.

"I daresay she'll expect to have her cab-fare paid," began old Grimshaw; but before he could finish his sentence, a smart carriage drew up to the door, the knocker thundered, the bell pealed, old Grimshaw swore a great oath, and the Echo very nearly passed it on to Mary Anne, but was fortunately prevented by a timely cough. "Show 'em into the drawing-room, whoever it is," shouted old Grimshaw, and "Into the drawing-room, whoever it is," feebly repeated the Echo, as Mary Anne, with a muttered regret that she hadn't "cleaned" herself, flew out to face the stalwart footman.

Mrs. Platt and Miss Finch were duly announced; and old Grimshaw, who had been a gentleman before he became a hypochondriac, declared his intention of going up-stairs to them at once, and giving Mrs. Grimshaw time to "change her cap." As he entered the drawing-room, he banished for ever from his mind the "young-woman" theory; for he felt in his heart that the young lady who rose simultaneously with Mrs. Platt, and waited modestly to be presented to him, might well have consorted with duchesses. Her black dress was elegantly made, and her black bonnet showed her delicate complexion to advantage. Her wavy, brown hair and her large hazel eyes struck the hypochondriac with amazement; and the expectant air which had caused her lips to part showed teeth which almost dazzled his eyes. And when, after ceremony had been duly honored, she put her small hand in his proffered paw, and said, sweetly and confidingly:

"I hope, Mr. Grimshaw, I shall be all you require."

Old Grimshaw seemed to hear pleasant music, and replied, as he let go the little hand:

"All and more, I have no doubt, Miss Finch."

Now Mrs. Grimshaw appeared on the scene, and was astounded; and good Mrs. Platt, by the use of tact, was enabled to go and inspect Nelly's room; and Mrs. Grimshaw, who had been under the impression that a "young woman" was coming, was fain to tell a variety of untruths to account for the state in which the room was found; and strict injunctions were laid on Mary Anne to carry out improvements which vexed her soul; and Mary Anne descended to cook in the kitchen, and solemnly declared her firm conviction that respect would have to be shown to the new "companion;" upon which cook was an advocate for simultaneous "warning." But when cook saw Nelly, she changed her mind; and even Mary Anne gave in at last to the force of cook's arguments, who maintained that Nelly was evidently "quite the young lady, and there couldn't be no harm in behaving respectful to the likes of her." Besides, cook and Mary Anne were fully agreed that, if Nelly pleased, she might marry well.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ The sun is called masculine, from its supporting and sustaining the moon, and finding her the wherewithal to shine always as she does of a night, and from his being obliged to keep such a family of stars. The moon is called feminine, because she is constantly changing, just like a ship blown about by every wind. The Church is feminine, because she is married to the State; and Time is masculine, because he trifles with the ladies.

☞ At Montevideo, South America, Gen. Flores recently had occasion to check and degrade his son, who held command in the army. The son was also required to apologize to the Ministers of Government, but was rude in doing so, for which his father banished him for twelve months from the country. Petitions poured in from all parties, for the father to rescind the sentence, but the father was firm, and the son was shipped abroad.

☞ A certain well-known railroad employe, who was rather inclined to expensive amusements, recently astonished his friends by sporting a gay horse and establishment. One of his friends, in criticising the animal's antecedents, said: "He was got by Conductor out of New York and Erie."

☞ Noah was probably the only person who ever went to sea for fear of being drowned.

☞ An American spiritualist has applied for a patent for an apparatus for seeing ghosts. The invention consists in the employment of a chamber to which air is admitted by a stopcock, and light by a small piece of dark blue glass. The inventor states that the bodies of ghosts are so subtle that ordinary light is not reflected from them, and hence they cannot be perceived without the employment of the means suggested by the inventor.

☞ Prejudice may be trusted to guard the outworks for a short space of time, while Reason slumbers in the citadel; but if the latter sinks into lethargy, the former will quickly erect a standard for herself. Philosophy, wisdom, liberty, support each other; he who will not reason is a bigot, he who cannot is a fool, and he who dares not is a slave.

☞ A story is told about the late W. Hope, the banker of Amsterdam, that he had bought a picture as a Remembrandt, and gave 2,000 guineas for it. Finding that it did not quite fit the frame, he sent for a carpenter to ease it a little. Whilst watching the operation, he remarked how wonderfully the picture was preserved, considering that it was nearly two hundred years old. "That is impossible," said the carpenter. The wood is mahogany, and mahogany had not been introduced into Europe at that time." Mr. Hope burnt the picture.

☞ To such wonderful perfection has the process of manufacturing test objects for microscopes been carried, that M. Nobert, of Grietswald in Prussia, has engraved lines upon glass so close together that upwards of 80,000 would go in the space of an English inch.

☞ There is only one objection to people who "mean well," and that is, they never can spare time to carry out their meaning.

A Letter to Young Girls.

BY MRS. E. P. MILLER, M. D.

I do not mean *little girls* nor *young ladies*, but girls from ten to fifteen years of age; those who stand upon the bridge between childhood and womanhood—I want to have an earnest talk with you.

And just let me tell you something about myself, when I was a little girl. I had a most excellent mother—I have her now, and I hope each of you have one just as excellent, just as earnest, just as good and true.

When I was a very little girl, as long ago as I can remember, my mother taught me that "IT IS A DANGEROUS SECRET THAT A GIRL CANNOT TELL HER MOTHER." Did your mother ever teach you this? I know she thinks so, even though she may not have said it in these same words.

Well, this made a very strong impression upon my mind, and I never for one moment forgot it. So when I was at school, or with my playmates anywhere, and they would say, "Oh! I'll tell you something, but you mustn't tell" (as girls often do, you know;) I would always ask, "Mayn't I tell my mother?" and if they said "No," then I used to tell them they need not tell me, for *I would never promise not to tell my mother!*

I used often to make them angry with me, but I had the approval of the still small voice which we call Conscience, and I was satisfied.

Now, girls, I do believe I was saved from a great deal of sin, by always refusing to listen to anything that I must not tell my mother; for, of course, if my mates had anything impure or sinful to tell, they would keep it to themselves, because they would not have had my mother know it for anything.

You know by this time, Mary, and Stella, and Hattie, and all the rest of you, that there are bad girls in the world, but I *do hope that you have never learned anything that you would be afraid or ashamed to tell your mothers.* You are just at an age when your whole future lives depend upon your present habits and conditions.

If *by any means* you have learned *any bad habits, break them off at once*, if you want to grow up and be healthy and happy women.

I do not feel anxious about you in consequence of what I learned when I was at your age, for I have told you how I escaped the knowledge of much evil; but since I have grown up and become a physician, I have so many young ladies come to me, *weak and feeble*, with lame backs, aching heads, weak eyes, and faces anything but pretty, and all because they *learned* and *practiced evil habits* in their childhood, and when they were at your age, just budding into womanhood. And they tell me they would give all the world if some one had only told them they were sinning. They did not realize it then, but they feel now as if their bodies, and almost their souls, were ruined. The regrets and the remorse of some of these poor sufferers, almost breaks my heart; and this is what made me think I would write a letter to you; for I cannot bear that any girl belonging to our HERALD OF HEALTH family should do what is evil, and bring upon herself such misery for all her future life.

I want you all to be as pure as the angels, just as pure as God designed you to be, and never do anything you would not like Him to know; never do anything you would not like your mother to know.

I warn you that if you do anything you would be afraid or ashamed to have your mother know, the day will surely come when, with tears and anguish, you will wish you had not done it. Make up your minds from this very hour that you will not do anything you would be unwilling to tell your mother. If you see or hear anything that you think wrong, or that you do not think quite right, go at once and tell your mother all about it, and it may save you from great grief and suffering in the future.

Now do not think that I am over-anxious, and "fussy," for it is only your welfare I have at heart in writing as I do. You must remember that I have seen much more of the world than you have, and know better how much evil there is in it, and that it is my love and sympathy for you who are to grow up and become women, wives, and mothers, that prompt me to give you this warning, and throw around you all the protection in my power.

Perhaps your mother never talks with you about the special sins which girls are liable to commit; or about the special pitfalls into which they are liable to stumble; well, my mother never talked with me about these things, either—I think it would be far better if mothers would do it—but I was saved simply because I would "*never promise not to tell my mother.*"

Again I say, if you have any habits which you would not like your mother to know *break them off at once*, or they will bring upon you derangements, diseases, suffering, ruin, and death. Do not think you will break off to-morrow, but do it now, for every day you put it off makes the habit the more difficult to overcome.

Shall I tell you something that will help you to break off evil habits, if you have formed them? Well, another thing my mother used to tell me was to "KEEP THE MIND CONSTANTLY FILLED WITH PURE THOUGHTS, AND THERE WOULD BE NO ROOM FOR THE IMPURE TO COME IN; for so long as a measure is *full* of something *good*, it will not hold anything that is *bad*."

Now if you will never allow yourself to *think of anything bad*, if you will be always thinking about what is good and beautiful, and pure, and lovely, you will be pretty sure not to *do* anything that is bad. But perhaps I will tell you more about this another time.

I want to tell you now, however, that you have something else to do besides just breaking off your own bad habits. Many of you have, probably, some younger sisters, and it is your duty to watch over them, win their confidence, and see that they do not learn or practice the evil habits that you have, perhaps, been taught.

Teach them the great truth my mother taught me, that "It is a dangerous secret that a girl cannot tell her mother." If you learn this truth yourself, and teach it to your sisters and try to influence your playmates to do the same, you will be doing a great deal toward helping on God's glorious work of reform, and making "His kingdom come, and His will be done on earth as it is done in heaven."

I have a great deal more to say to you, but this is enough for once. I wish every young girl who reads this would write and tell me that she means to follow the rule that I have followed, and profit by my advice.

If I could get in correspondence with every young girl in the United States, I have faith that I could thereby do much to make them healthier and happier women, and thus improve the physical and moral strength of the next generation.—*The Herald of Health.*

Is the Income Tax Constitutional?

An important suit to test the constitutionality of the Income Tax law has been instituted in the Circuit Court of St. Louis county, Mo. The suit involves the broad question of the constitutionality of the income tax, and as such will be viewed with interest throughout the Union. If we mistake not, it is the first instance in which the constitutionality of the tax has been contested, although it is well known that some of the most distinguished jurists in the country have questioned the authority of Congress to lay the tax. The following is an extract from the plaintiff's petition:

"Plaintiff further states that said tax so levied upon his income, gains, and profits for the year 1866 is a direct tax, and as such it is levied in violation of the Constitution of the United States, and particularly in violation of the third paragraph of section one of article one, and of the fourth paragraph of the ninth section of said article. That taxes levied upon the income, gains, and profits of individuals by the Act of Congress under which defendant assumes to act, and under which defendant has assumed to demand and forcibly to collect the said tax from plaintiff, have never been apportioned among the several states included within the Union, according to their respective numbers, nor have they been levied in proportion to the census and enumeration of inhabitants as required in said Constitution; and the tax aforesaid assessed against plaintiff, and for the payment whereof said levy was made, is illegal and void.

THE CONFESSIONAL IN THE ENGLISH CHURCH.—Many of the Ritualists in the Church of England, it appears, favor confession. Thus Mr. Le Geyt encourages confession in his preaching, and receives it if persons come to him. Confessions are frequently heard in Mr. Nugree's church (Wymering; near Portsmouth.) They are heard at the rail of the sacristy door; the priests sit within the rail, and those who confess kneel outside the rail. In Mr. Bennett's church at Frome, confessions are received in the sacristy, or on occasions like Lent it might be in a little chapel. "We have," he says, "three or four chapels in our church—quiet places where we might go for that purpose."

Mr. Clay, of Brighton, states that he was summoned on one occasion to a widow lady in great distress. The youngest daughter, eighteen years of age, was in the habit of undergoing severe penances which had been imposed by an English clergymen then officiating in London. The night previous she had knelt on a marble slab, bare-kneed for four hours, repeating certain penitential psalms and prayers, which were imposed as a penance in consequence of her having confessed to some sins of temper.

Mr. Wagner, of Brighton, states that he attends in his church three days a week at certain hours, for the purpose of hearing confessions. He hears them in the vestry. Penances, he says, are imposed. He doubts if he ought to say whether or no corporal penances have been imposed. He has not imposed them, but probably others have.

☞ A correspondent of the Maine Sunrise tells a story of a horse belonging to Mr. John Johnson, of Fairfield. Said horse had been too sick for several weeks to leave the stable, but one day last week the poor animal left his quarters, staggered to the village, visited his well-remembered stopping-places, turned around and went home again. His master sat by the upraised window of the house. The old horse put his head into the room, looked at his master, looked at his mistress, looked at the children, looked at the pictures on the walls, looked at everything as if bidding them farewell. He then turned away, walked into the field, and laid down and died.

☞ A man in Indiana, seventy-five years old, blew out his brains because he had lived long enough.

☞ HASH.—A Saratoga correspondent says that a burlesque advertisement was posted in the Union Hotel, announcing in the style of the great tobacco advertiser, "that in order to overcome a natural prejudice against the use of hash, the proprietor will, on Monday, place a two dollar and a-half gold piece in a certain quantity of hash; on Tuesday, one-half that amount in two pieces; on Thursday, one-third that amount in three pieces, and so on for a week."

☞ A disabled soldier has made enough money to buy a wooden leg, by cutting up his old crutches into half-inch bits and selling them as portions of the staff from which Ellsworth hauled down the rebel flag.

☞ Balzac, the French novelist, had an overweening conceit of his abilities, and actually went to St. Petersburg to see the Czar Nicholas straight. On arriving he addressed a note to the Czar in the following ridiculous exaggeration of the "we" style: "M. de Balzac, the author, and M. de Balzac, the gentleman, solicit of his Majesty the favor of a private audience." The Emperor's reply was an autograph letter: "M. de Balzac, the gentleman, and M. de Balzac, the author, can post home again when they please."

☞ The British Secretary of Legation at Lisbon, says that the port wine sent to the English market is largely mixed with brandy, and is composed almost as much of elderberries as of grapes.

☞ JERUSALEM.—A retired English sea-captain, who had made the tour of Continental Europe and the Holy Land, was asked how he was impressed by his visit to Jerusalem. "Jerusalem," said he, "is the meanest place I visited! There is not a drop of liquor in the whole town fit to drink."

☞ "I wonder where the clouds are going?" sighed Flora, pensively, as she pointed with her delicate finger to the heavy masses that floated in the sky. "I think they are going to thunder," said her brother.

"Natator!" or, The Human Frog.

BY F. BUCKLAND,

THE DISTINGUISHED NATURALIST.

On Saturday last I was invited by Mr. C. M. Adams, the polite and active Secretary of Cremorne Gardens, (London) to give some account of the subaqueous performance which is now being exhibited to the visitors of those gardens. A huge human aquarium (for I can call it nothing else) is placed on the stage. It is made of iron, with a plate-glass front, and measures nine feet by five. It contains four tons of water, the depth of water being about six feet. It cost nearly £100. When I arrived, the "human frog" had just begun his performances, and through the plate-glass I beheld a human form twisting itself round and round with the velocity of a cockchafer on a pin, and looking like a huge jack fighting in his last efforts to get rid of the fatal gorge-bait.

Getting close to the aquarium, I beheld "Natator" go through the following subaqueous performances. Firstly, he stands on his head; his head touches the bottom of the aquarium, his feet are at the top, like a couple of huge fishing floats. This is called the "minute trick," and is performed first in order to show the length of time that "Natator" can stay under water.

The "Natator's" second performance is to swim up and down the tank several times—twenty are the most—without coming once to the surface to breathe. He twists himself right round and gives a slight push with the foot at each end of the tank, so as to reverse his motion. This is a very difficult trick, inasmuch as the aquarium is not long enough for him to take a full stroke, and he has to stop his force at either end as well as he can. The performance of this feat requires from forty to forty-five seconds under water.

Thirdly. "Natator" sits down, tailor fashion, at the bottom of the aquarium, and grins at the people through the plate-glass front. He also opens and shuts his eyes under water, to show that this can be done. He also opens his mouth quite wide under water; this, he tells me, is very difficult. Great practice has enabled him to do it without swallowing a drop of water. He throws out air-bubbles once, and once only; this is necessary to enable him to sink to the bottom of the water. While there he neither emits air-bubbles nor, being under water (of course), takes a fresh supply of air.

Fourthly, he again descends and eats, under water, a sponge-cake or a bun. He opens his mouth, to show that he has really swallowed it. It is most difficult to swallow cake under water without also swallowing water. It required three years' practice to do this performance with safety, for if, when under water, he should happen to cough, the water would enter, he would instantly be choked, and a serious accident would ensue.

Fifthly. Ascending to the surface, a soda-water bottle is handed to him; he dives with it to his perch at the bottom and drinks down the contents, viz.: a half-pennyworth of milk; he chooses milk because of the color, and in order that the audience may see that he actually drinks it from the bottle. This is a most difficult trick, as it is hard to swallow the milk without the water getting into his mouth.

Sixthly. A lighted pipe is handed to him; he takes a few whiffs above water and then descends with it; he manages somehow to keep it alight and to emit bubbles, which, coming to the surface, burst in little puffs of tobacco smoke. Coming to the surface, he shows that his pipe is still alight.

Seventhly. He does *poses plastiques* under water, placing himself in various attitudes, and then the piano strikes up the tune of "Froggy would a wooing go." The "human frog" dances to the music, frog fashion, at the bottom of the water all the while singing the song. It is very curious to see the bubbles of air from his mouth, rushing up to the surface in greater or less numbers, according to the number of words in the verse of a song which the spectator should follow in his mind. This would be an interesting study for the professors, to see how many bubbles of air were necessary to form an individual word. "Natator" tells me he can hear the piano quite plainly when under water; this was indeed evident from the way his bubbles kept time with the music; and he also tells me, that if anybody speaks very loud outside the glass, he can hear them plainly. This bears on the question of fish hearing under water; but it must be recollected that a fish's ear is very differently constructed to a human ear. . . .

Eighthly. "Natator" swims with a jerking motion like a shrimp, with a steady but sudden rush like a jack, with a lazy, sleepy floating like a hundred-year old carp in the Royal ponds in Virginia Water; and, lastly, being apparently seized with a fit of the "merry-go-rounds," performs a series of head-over-heels gyrations round and round, like a man practicing upon a pole between bars in a school of gymnastics. He remains in mid-water, without touching the top or bottom of the tank, the whole time, and does not once come to the surface; this might well be called the "porpoise trick." The most number of head-over-heels turns that he performs (and this generally every night) is twenty-four, and he requires about fifty seconds to get through them.

The performance concluded, "Natator" allowed me to examine him in my medical capacity. He is a young man, twenty years old, five feet seven and a half inches in stature, and nine stone six pounds in weight; he is slightly built, but exceedingly well made and muscular. His pulse on coming out of the water gave 148 beats to the minute; twenty minutes after they were 92 to the minute. I listened to the lungs and heart, and observed several strange phenomena, showing how wonderfully nature can accommodate the machinery of the heart and lungs in an air-breathing animal (I hope "Natator" will forgive the expression) to long stays in an element only suited for the existence of fish and other cold-blooded vertebrata, and this without interfering with the good health of the individual. I shall not now enter into particulars of the auscultation, except to state that the breathing with the diaphragm was very marked; but I should be much pleased if Dr. Cotton (whose skill with the stethoscope in cases requiring accurate diagnosis in lung disease) would turn his attention to nature's mode of getting out of a difficulty.

With all this hard and very peculiar work, "Natator" (whose name, he has no objection to my stating, is Cooper, well known to professional swimmers) has excellent health. When he first began to practice long stays under water, some four years since, he used to suffer from severe headaches, but now these have quite disappeared; he never has rheumatism, or other ache or pain in any form, though he goes through his performance at half-past ten every night, and sometimes twice a day. The water in his aquarium he generally manages to keep at a temperature of about 62 degrees, but the warmer the water is the longer he can stay in, and the easier his performances become. The longest time he has ever remained under water at a stretch has been 69 seconds, and last Saturday week he remained 64; his ordinary tricks require from 10 to 30 seconds under water. . . . I strongly advise my readers to witness this performance, which is most curious, and at the same time quite original.

A Story with a Moral.

A Connecticut exchange tells the following story of a boy, who was sent from Groton, Connecticut, to New London one day last summer with a bag of green corn. The boy was gone all day, and returned with the bag unopened, which he dumped on the floor, saying:

"There is your corn; go and sell it, I can't!"

"Sold any?"

"No; I've been all over London with it, and nobody *said* anything concerning green corn. Two or three fellows asked me what I had in my bag, and I told them it was none of their business what it was!"

The boy is not unlike hundreds of merchants, who will promptly call him a fool for not telling what he had to sell. They are actually doing the same thing on a much larger scale than did that boy, by not advertising their business.

EPITAPH BY A LADY.

Encumbrance sore long time I bore,
Derision was in vain;
But when short skirts became the mode,
They eased me of my train.

☞ Mr. Dickens's agent found, during his recent visit to this country, a man eighty-five years old who had never heard of Charles Dickens.

☞ The "blue grass girls of Kentucky" are said to be the handsomest in the country. We believe it, because an inhabitant of the region who has seen them says so.

☞ It won't do to be so devoted to a tender-hearted wife as to comply with her request when she asks you, "Now tumble over the cradle and break your neck, my dear, won't you?"

☞ The English papers tell of the celebrated mare "Achievement," which is the heroine at present of the sporting men of that country, as having been to her owner worth her weight in gold. During the past ten years she has run twenty races; out of which she had won fifteen, netting in stakes for her owner, $140,000. Assuming her weight to be about four hundred and forty-eight pounds, would give $35,000 for every hundred weight, and it takes about a hundred weight of coined gold to make that amount. These large receipts are exclusive of the sums the owner has realized from his mare by betting.

☞ The term "raising a child" alludes to an ancient usage of laying a child, soon after it was born, on the ground. If, on inspection, the father commanded the infant to be raised, it was tantamount to an order that it should be saved. Hence the force of "to rear a child." If the parent retired without uttering a word, this was a sign to the assistants that it should not be raised, or reared; that is, it should be exposed. Till lately, in the Highlands, new-born babies were wont to be tossed thrice through the smoke, to counteract the spell of witches and foul spirits, and the fascinations of fairies, and an evil eye.

☞ A SUGGESTIVE THEME.—A correspondent, writing from the "Tip End of Cape Cod," says he found on that extremest verge a veritable hoop skirt, and adds: "It is a singular fact, well known to those who ramble much, that the last signs of civilized life to be met with in the unoccupied outskirts are unoccupied hoopskirts. They strangely mark the outermost limits of human settlements. They are found at the bottom of rivers, on the shore of the sea, and on the frontier lines of the interior. Can it be that the fair occupants wander thither in despair, and there shuffle off their mortal coil and leave for better regions?"

☞ A correspondent of the Cincinnati Commercial says: "The ambition of every young Boston lady is to live in a brown stone front, with two bow windows and a brass knocker, before she dies. Having accomplished this, and attended a course of medical lectures, she is ready to depart in peace, for after that *all* is vanity."

☞ The will of Gen. Scott provides that his property be divided among his three daughters. He leaves his Pulaski sword to the United States Military Academy, and his Mexican gilt sword to his grandson, Winfield Scott Hoyt. To his second and third daughters, Camilla and Marcella, he bequeaths to each an equal third of what money falls due to his estate from his publishers.

☞ SINGULAR.—The other day the rare instance of a burial thirty years after death occurred at Berlin. The dead who lingered so long above ground is Rachel Levin, the celebrated beauty, author, and wit, the wife of the late Herr von Varnhagen, well known as a Prussian diplomatist and writer on contemporary history. Having a mortal fear of being buried alive, the lady ordered in her testament that the upper part of the coffin should be made with a glass window, the coffin constantly watched for a month after death, and deposited in a special hall for a period of thirty years. All of which was duly carried out.

☞ Some New York sharpers have been doing a lucrative business by charging rustics fifty cents for the privilege of crossing the Broadway bridge.

☞ Musical prodigies are frequently heard of, but few so prodigious as a young lady mentioned by a Western paper, who can play two pieces upon the piano, whistle a third, and sing a fourth, all at the same time.

Famous Racers.

The Darley Arabian, sire of Childers, was brought to England in the reign of Queen Anne; and the Godolphin Arabian in 1724. This latter animal was first imported into France from Barbary, a present (it is supposed) from the Emperor of Morocco to Louis XIV.; but so little was he valued in Paris, that he was actually employed in draught. Every superior English racer partakes of his valuable blood. He died at Hog-Magog, in Cambridgeshire, in the twenty-ninth year of his age, and is buried there in a covered passage leading to his stable, with a flat stone without any inscription, since epitaph he did not need. In all the prints of the day, he is represented with his faithful feline friend—the cat, that pined to death for the loss of him. These Arabians, however, are much less celebrated for what they did themselves than for the feats of the progeny which they begat.

The illustrious Flying Childers (got by the Darley Arabian out of Betty Leeds, a mare said to have produced no other offspring), a chestnut horse, white on his nose, and with four white legs, was foaled in 1715. He was the fleetest horse that ever ran at Newmarket, or probably anywhere else, and was never beaten.

Eclipse was also a chestnut (got by Marske out of Spilletta), foaled during the great eclipse of 1764, from which he took his name. He also was never beaten, and has the reputation of being second in speed to Flying Childers only. He was the first horse that ever travelled in a van, but this was as a stallion, and when his racing-days were over: in his youth, he was by no means a pampered animal. His temper was so terrible that it was thought impossible that he could ever be brought to the post. On this account, he was placed under a rough-rider at Epsom, a poacher by profession, who frequently kept the horse out all night; but in spite of this discipline, his jockeys never attempted to hold him, contenting themselves with sitting quiet upon the saddle. In his first race—there were four-mile heats in those days—though the horses were all together at the three-mile post, he distanced the whole of them, though pulled with the whole strength his rider could exert; yet he had not been struck, but only alarmed by a flourish of the whip.

Eclipse is generally believed to have covered eighty-three feet of ground in a second when at the top of his pace, or about twenty-five feet at a single stride. Flying Childers, it is said, covered the same ground, but performed still more wonderful feats of speed. Carrying nine stone two pounds, he ran over the round course at Newmarket (three miles, six furlongs, and ninety-three yards in length) in six minutes and forty seconds; and also over the Beacon course (four miles, one furlong and 138 yards) in seven minutes and a half. These instances seem to be well authenticated, and although published with every detail at the time, do not seem to have been denied. Race-horses of the present day, however, it is certain, cannot accomplish such marvels, to whatever reason—such as being run too young, whereas Childers and Eclipse did not appear in public until five years old—their inferiority may be ascribed.

☞ The base-ball fever is widely spread. A little six-year old was sitting in repose upon the parlor steps, with a base ball in his hand, gazing intently at the moon. "Pa," he suddenly spoke, "is there only one man in the moon?" "That's the tradition, my son; the man in the moon was the only inhabitant of that bright world we have ever heard of." After a moment's pause he remarked, with a sigh—"He must be lonesome, pa, and no one to play base ball with!"

☞ In a Leipzig paper we read that that city is on the point of adding to her numerous institutions of learning one which, as yet, is a rarity in any part of the world. Dr. Frieberg, first teacher at the Nicolai School, intends to establish a school for waiters. In his prospectus he points at the necessity of a higher education for men of this profession, pronouncing an intelligent, moral and socially educated waiter a perfect treasure to any hotel or house—his opposite a great infliction to his employer and the public generally. The lessons to be given at the school are calligraphy (for bills of fare, accounts, bills, etc.,) book-keeping, grammar and correspondence, practical arithmetic, and instruction in a knowledge of foreign coins and in the French and English languages.

☞ Away up among the White Mountains a Reverend Doctor from Boston found a man on the shady side of fifty hoeing his living out of the barren hills. Introducing himself, he soon succeeded in exciting in the old man the Yankee propensity to ask questions, first among which was: "W'ere d'ye hail from?" Answering that he was from Boston, the old man of the hoe replied: "Why, I wouldn't think ye'd like to live *away off there.*"

☞ When Lieutenant O'Brien, called Skyrocket Jack, was blown up in the Edgar, he was saved on the carriage of a gun; and when brought, all black and wet, to the admiral, he said: "I hope, sir, you will excuse my appearance in this dishabille, as I came away in a violent hurry."

☞ When the Sultan was in Vienna, Cardinal Ranschen had an audience with him, in which he begged his Majesty to do something for the amelioration of the Christians in his dominions. "Even at the present time," said the Cardinal, "every Christian is termed dog: Christian dog." "That is true," replied the Sultan, "but as a set off to this, here in Vienna every second or third dog in the streets is called Sultan."

☞ The Hoboken ferry company has accumulated twenty-five barrels of pennies that they cannot dispose of.

☞ Isaac Vantree, of Decatur, Ill., married Miss Chapman, of ditto, rather than pay $5,000, which she had recovered from him in a suit for breach of promise. Disgusting.

☞ The poorest man in the world is one who has nothing but money.

☞ Life is made up, not of great sacrifices or duties, but of little things, in which smiles and kindness, and small obligations given habitually, are what win and preserve the heart, and secure comfort.

☞ Value the friendship of him who stands by you in the storm; swarms of insects will surround you in the sunshine.

☞ A proper secrecy is the only mystery of able men; mystery is the only secrecy of weak and cunning ones.

A Versified "Journey of Life."

When a man travels the journey of life
He gets a few rubs of the bustle and strife;
And if he's in want of a guide-book, perchance
I can give him a sketch of the *route* at a glance:

Mammy's lap—coral and pap—fussery, nussery—cry, cry.
Heaps of toys—racket and noise—hummery, dummery—fie, fie!
Off to school—dull as a mule—fag away, drag away—slow, slow.
Early love—coo like a dove—aighery, fiery—glow, glow.
Choose a career—prospects queer—failery, wailery—gruff, gruff.
Lesson learnt, candle burnt—flickery, wickery—puff, puff.

Fussery, nussery, hummery, dummery, fag away, drag away, failery, wailery, flickery, wickery, laughing, chaffing, moaning, groaning, fillery, pillery, doctor's billery, and enough, mad enough, glad when you've had enough.

When a man travels the journey of life
He gets a few rubs in the bustle and strife;
Gets, all his life,
A few rubs in the bustle and strife.
—*London Fun.*

AMERICAN TRIUMPH AT THE PARIS EXPOSITION.—The first European exhibition of the Cabinet Organ has added a European reputation to that already achieved at home, and another First Premium to the fifty-six awarded Messrs. Mason & Hamlin at the Industrial Exhibitions of all the states of the United States. This is the well-merited reward of an industry which has always aimed in all its productions, not at cheapness, not at making something which could be sold at a good profit, but at that which should be excellent in every respect—so thoroughly and conscientiously made as to defy competition. The pride of Messrs. Mason & Hamlin has never been to produce an instrument for the smallest sum of money, but one that was as good as skill, and science, and perseverance could make it. Their motto has always been—"The best are the cheapest."—*Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper.*

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—The market has been more active; 1500 bbls Northwest family sold at $10,50@11,87½; 1200 bbls extra at $8,50@9, and 7000 bbls in lots to the retailers and bakers at $7,50@8,25 for superfine; $8@10 for old stock and fresh ground extra; $10,50@12,50 for Penna and Ohio family; $10@11,75 for common and choice Northwest family, and $12@14 ₩ bbl for fancy brands, according to quality. Rye Flour sells at from $8,25@8,75 ₩ bbl.

GRAIN—The receipts and stocks of Wheat continue light. 20,000 bus of common to good red sold at $2,30@2,45; 6000 bus of prime do at $2,50@2,55; 5000 bus of amber at $2,00@2,05, mostly at the former rate; 700 bus of No. 1 spring at $2,40, and small lots of California at $2,90. Rye—6000 bus of western and Penna sold at $1,57@1,62 ₩ bus. Corn—25,000 bus of prime yellow sold at $1,41@1,44, and 40,000 bus of western mixed at $1,38@1,42. Oats—35,000 bus sold at from 70 up to 80c ₩ bus, the latter rate for choice bright.

PROVISIONS—There is very little doing. Pork commands $26 for mess; $26 for prime do, and $28@32,50 for prime. There is very little western mess Beef here. City packed is very scarce, and sells at $26,50@27. Bacon is firmly held, with sales of Hams at 20@22c; sides are taken in lots at 18@18½c, and shoulders at 15@15½c. Green Meats—Sales of pickled Hams at 17@18c, and shoulders, in salt, at 13½@13½c. Lard—Sales of 500 tcs and bbls at 14½@14½c, and kegs at 16@17c. Butter—Sales of old at 12@13c; new at 16@25c, and roll at 20@26c. Cheese—Sales at 13@15c. Eggs sell at 29@31c ₩ dozen.

COTTON—Market dull; 900 bales of middlings sold in lots at 21½@23c for Uplands, and 22½@25c ₩ lb for New Orleans.

BARK—Quercitron continues in demand; 40 hhds of 1st No. 1 sold at $55 ₩ ton.

BEESWAX—Yellow sells at 34½@41c ₩ lb.

COAL—The market continues dull. The nominal cargo rates are $4@4,25 ₩ ton for white ash; $4,50@4,75 for red ash; $4,10@4,15 for Locust Mountain, and $3,25 for Lehigh broken and prepared.

FEATHERS—Western sell at 55@60c for fair and choice lots.

FRUIT—5000 lbs of Dried Apples sold at 5½@7c; Dried Peaches—Sales of quarters at 7½@8c, and halves at 10c ₩ lb. Dried Blackberries sell at 10c. Pared Peaches range at from 14@18c ₩ lb. Green Apples sell at from $4@8 ₩ bbl.

HOPS are firmly held. Sales at from 60 to 70c for the crop of 1867, as to quality.

SEEDS—In Cloverseed there is more doing; sales of 700 bus at $9,25 ₩ bus. Timothy—700 bus sold at $2,75@3; and 2000 bus Flaxseed at $2,85.

TALLOW—City rendered sells at 12c, and country at 11½@11¾ ₩ lb.

WOOL—There is rather more inquiry. Sales are making at 55@56 for double extra; 51@52c for extra; 48@50c for fine; 43@45 for medium; 38@40c for coarse; 43@48 for tub washed; 40@42c for extra Western pulled; and 33@35c ₩ lb for No 1 Western pulled, according to quality.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 2400 head. The prices realized from 14@18 cts ₩ lb. 200 Cows brought from $60 to 75 ₩ head. Sheep—10,000 head were disposed of at from 5@6c ₩ lb. 4000 Hogs sold at from $10 to 11,50 ₩ 100 lbs.

OPERA LIBRETTOS.

Ditson & Co.'s Edition of Standard Opera Librettos, containing Italian and English Text and the Music of the Principal Airs. Neatly bound, correct and reliable. Upwards of *Fifty* are already published. Price of each, 30 cents. Sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of price.

OLIVER DITSON & CO., Publishers,
277 Washington Street, Boston.
CHARLES H. DITSON & CO.,
711 Broadway, New York.

THE BOWEN MICROSCOPE,

Magnifying 500 times, mailed for 50 CENTS. THREE *for* $1.00. Address F. P. BOWEN, del7-tf Box 220, Boston, Mass.

$3000. AGENTS Wanted. $10 made from $1. Call and examine an invention needed by everybody. No experience necessary. Business light. Situation permanent—employment immediate. C. L. VAN ALLEN, 48 New Street, New York. oct12-3m

WANTED—Salesmen to Travel and sell Goods by sample. Good wages and steady employment. Address, *with stamp,* HAMILTON, PERRY & CO., oct5-3m Cleveland, Ohio.

WHISKERS.—DR. LAMONTE'S CORNELIA will force Whiskers on the smoothest face, or Hair on Bald Heads. Never known to fail. Sample sent for 10 cents. Address REEVES & CO., 78 Nassau St., New York. jy6-1y

CURLS! CURLS!—One application will curl your hair into beautiful curls, and last six months in every case, or money refunded. Sent by mail postage *for 50 cents a package.* Address M. A. JAGGERS, Calhoun, Ill.

Rates of Advertising.

Thirty cents a line for the first insertion.
Twenty cents for each additional insertion.
☞ Payment is required in advance.

ATTENTION!—MANUFACTURERS AND ALL WANTING FARMS!—Cheap Farm and Fruit Lands, Village lots, Water Powers for manufacturing, for sale at Bricksburg, Ocean Co., New Jersey, 44 miles from New York, on railroad to Philadelphia.

Soil fine loam, superior for all crops. Country just rolling enough for beauty and utility. Climate mild and proverbially healthy. Water soft and pure. No fever and ague. Sold only to actual settlers, on easy terms. Price per acre $25 and upward. For circulars and maps, address ROBT. CAMPBELL, President, No. 153 Broadway, New York. V. S. HOLT, Agent, Bricksburg. oct12-4t

Just Published, the Sixth Edition,
REVISED AND ENLARGED, OF
THE HOME MANUAL;
OR, THE ECONOMICAL COOK AND HOUSE-BOOK.
HINTS ON THE DAILY DUTIES OF A HOUSEKEEPER.
COMPRISING
NEARLY FIVE HUNDRED RECEIPTS
For Cooking, Preserving, Pickling, Washing, Ironing, Gardening, Plain and Fancy Needle-work, Putting up of Winter Stores, and numerous other receipts useful and needful in every well-regulated household.
BY ELIZABETH NICHOLSON.
NO HOUSEKEEPER CAN DO WITHOUT THIS BOOK.
Price, in cloth, $1. Interleaved for additional receipts, $1.25.
Agents wanted to canvass every State. Apply to DUFFIELD ASHMEAD, Publisher, 724 CHESTNUT St., Philadelphia.
N. B.—Always on hand a full stock of New and Standard Works, which we sell at reduced rates. oct5-3t

"ECONOMY IS WEALTH."—Franklin.
WHY will people pay $50 or $100 for a Sewing Machine, when $25 will buy a better one for all PRACTICAL purposes? Notwithstanding reports to the contrary, the subscribers beg to inform their numerous friends that the "FRANKLIN" and "MEDALLION" Machines can be had in any quantity. This machine is a double thread, constructed upon entirely new principles, and DOES NOT infringe upon any other in the world. It is emphatically the poor man's Sewing Machine, and is warranted to excel ALL others, as thousands of patrons will testify.
☞ AGENTS WANTED.—Machines sent to agents on trial, and *given away* to families who are needy and deserving. Address J. C. OTTIS & CO., Boston, Mass. my18-6m

628. HOOP SKIRTS 628.
Of "Our Own Make" are manufactured expressly to meet the wants of First Class and most Fashionable Trade, and embrace an assortment replete with every new and desirable style, size, and length of Ladies', Misses', and Children's Hoop Skirts, both plain and Gore Trails, which for symmetry of style, finish, lightness, elasticity, durability and cheapness, are much superior to any other Single or Double Spring Skirt in the American market. Every lady should try them, as we warrant satisfaction.
Wholesale and Retail at Manufactory and Salesroom, No. 628 ARCH St.
Catalogue corrected monthly of Sizes, Styles, and Prices at Retail sent to any address.
nov24-1y WM. T. HOPKINS.

WANTED—AGENTS—$75 to $200 per month everywhere, male and female, to introduce throughout the United States, the GENUINE IMPROVED COMMON SENSE FAMILY SEWING MACHINE. This machine will stitch, hem, fell, tuck, quilt, bind, braid and embroider in a most superior manner. Price only $18. Fully warranted for five years. We will pay $1000 for any machine that will sew a stronger, more beautiful, or more elastic seam than ours. It makes the "Elastic Lock Stitch." Every second stitch can be cut, and still the cloth cannot be pulled apart without tearing it. We pay agents from $75 to $200 per month and expenses, or a commission from which twice that amount can be made. *Address* SECOMB & CO., Cleveland, Ohio.
CAUTION.—Do not be imposed upon by other parties palming off worthless cast-iron machines, under the same name or otherwise. Ours is the only genuine and really practical cheap machine manufactured. oct5-3t

WANTED,
AGENTS IN EVERY COUNTY
In the United States, to have the exclusive sale of articles in good demand, paying a large profit. Address "CHARLES S. GREENE & CO., No. 413 CHESTNUT Street, Philadelphia." oct12-3t

DR. FELIX GOURAUD'S
ITALIAN MEDICATED SOAP!
It is well known cures Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Salt Rheum, Barber's Itch, Chaps, Chafes, Tender Flesh, etc., besides being the very best shaving compound ever invented. GOURAUD'S POUDRE SUBTILE uproots hair from low foreheads, upper lip, or any part of the body, safely and quickly—warranted. LIQUID ROUGE, for pale lips and cheeks. LILY WHITE, for flushed, red and heated faces. GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM or MAGICAL BEAUTIFIER. Found at Dr. GOURAUD'S old established depot, 453 Broadway, New York.
The purity and efficacy of the above preparations have been endorsed by tens of thousands, who have used them the past twenty-five years.
Can be had in Philadelphia of T. W. EVANS, 41 South 8th Street. sep28-6t

ECLECTIC MEDICAL COLLEGE of PENNSYLVANIA.—WINTER SESSION commences OCTOBER 7, 1867. Thirty students taken for $50 per session. No other expenses. For particulars address JOSEPH SITES, M. D., Dean, jy27-12t 602 North Sixth St., Philadelphia.

PENNINGTON INSTITUTE,—23d year began August 29th. Terms reasonable. For Catalogues, address A. P. LASHER, Pennington, N. J. aug30-3m

COTTAGE HILL SEMINARY,
POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.—An English and French School for Young Ladies. Very select, delightfully situated, and affording unusual advantages for a solid and elegant education. For the prospectus, address, early, the REV. GEORGE T. RIDER, A. M., Rector. sep28-6t

EVERY MAN HIS OWN PRINTER.
YOUNG AND OLD MAKING MONEY.
The LOWE PRINTING PRESSES are the best and cheapest portable Card and Job Presses ever invented. Price of an Office with Press—$15, $30, $50. Send for a circular to the LOWE PRESS CO., 23 Water St., Boston. jc15-3m

$2 TO $5.—For every hour's service, pleasant and honorable employment without risk. Desirable for all ladies, ministers, teachers, students, farmers, merchants, mechanics, soldiers, everybody; please call or address, C. W. JACKSON & CO., 58 Beaver St., New York. oct12-2m

(Established 1861.)
THE
GREAT AMERICAN
Tea Company
HAVE JUST RECEIVED
TWO FULL CARGOES
OF THE
FINEST NEW CROP TEAS,
22,000 HALF CHESTS by ship *Golden State,*
12,000 HALF CHESTS by ship *George Skelton.*

In addition to these large cargoes of Black and Japan Teas, the Company are constantly receiving large invoices of the finest quality of Green Teas from the Moyune districts of China, which are unrivalled for fineness and delicacy of flavor.

To give our readers an idea of the profits which have been made in the Tea Trade, we will start with the American Houses, leaving out of the account entirely the profits of the Chinese factors.

First: The American House in China or Japan makes large profits on their sales or shipments—and some of the richest retired merchants in the country have made their immense fortunes through their Houses in China.
Second: The Banker makes large profits upon the foreign exchange used in the purchase of Tea.
Third: The Importer makes a profit of 20 to 30 per cent. in many cases.
Fourth: On its arrival here it is sold by the cargo, and the Purchaser sells it to the Speculator in invoices of 1,000 to 2,000 packages, at an average profit of about 10 per cent.
Fifth: The Speculator sells it to the Wholesale Tea Dealer in lines, at a profit of 10 to 15 per cent.
Sixth: The Wholesale Tea Dealer sells it to the Wholesale Grocer in lots to suit his trade, at a profit of about 10 per cent.
Seventh: The Wholesale Grocer sells it to the Retail Dealer, at a profit of 15 to 25 per cent.
Eighth: The Retailer sells it to the Consumer, for ALL THE PROFIT HE CAN GET.

When you have added to these EIGHT profits as many brokerages, cartages, storages, cooperages, and waste, and add the original cost of the Tea, it will be perceived what the consumer has to pay. And now we propose to show why we can sell so very much lower than other dealers.

We propose to do away with all these various profits and brokerages, cartages, storages, cooperages and waste, with the exception of a small commission paid for purchasing to our correspondents in China and Japan, one cartage, and a small profit to ourselves—which, on our large sales, will amply pay us.

By our system of supplying clubs throughout the country, consumers in all parts of the United States can receive their Teas at the same prices (with the small additional expense of transportation) as though they bought them at our warehouses in the city.

Some parties inquire of us how they shall proceed to get up a club. The answer is simply this: Let each person wishing to join in a club, say how much tea or coffee he wants, and select the kind and price from our Price List, as published in the paper or in our circulars. Write the names, kinds, and amounts plainly on a list, as used in the Club Order published below, and when the club is complete send it to us by mail, and we will put each party's goods in separate packages, and mark the name upon them, with the cost, so there need be no confusion in their distribution—each party getting exactly what he orders, and no more. The cost of transportation the members can divide equitably among themselves.

Parties sending Club or other orders for less than thirty dollars had better send Post-office drafts, or money with their orders, to save the expense of collections by express; but larger orders we will forward by express, to collect on delivery.

Hereafter we will send a complimentary package to the party getting up the CLUB. Our profits are small, but we will be as liberal as we can afford. We send no complimentary package for Clubs of less than $30.

Parties getting their Teas from us may confidently rely upon getting them pure and fresh, as they come direct from the Custom House stores to our warehouses.

We warrant all the goods we sell to give entire satisfaction. If they are not satisfactory they can be returned at our expense within 30 days, and have the money refunded.

The Company have selected the following kinds from their stock, which they recommend to meet the wants of Clubs. They are sold at Cargo Prices, the same as the Company sell them in New York, as the list of prices will show.

PRICE LIST OF TEAS:

OOLONG (Black), 70c., 80c., 100., best $1 ₩ lb.
MIXED (Green and Black), 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ₩ lb.
ENGLISH BREAKFAST (Black), 90c., 95c., $1, $1 10, best $1 20 ₩ lb.
IMPERIAL (Green), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 20 ₩ lb.
YOUNG HYSON (Green), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ₩ lb.
UNCOLORED JAPAN, 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 20 ₩ lb.
GUNPOWDER (Green), $1 25, best $1 50 ₩ lb.

Coffees Roasted and Ground Daily.

GROUND COFFEE, 20c., 25c., 30c., 35c., best 40c per lb. Hotels, Saloons, Boarding-house keepers, and Families who use large quantities of Coffee, can economize in that article by using our FRENCH BREAKFAST and DINNER COFFEE, which we sell at the low price of 30c. per pound, and warrant to give perfect satisfaction.
Consumers can save from 50c. to $1 per lb. by purchasing their Teas of the

GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO.,
Nos. 31 and 33 VESEY STREET.
Post-office Box, 5643 New York City.

CLUB ORDER.

Edwards, St. Lawrence Co., N. Y., June 3, 1867.

To the Great American Tea Company,
Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey Street, N. Y.

DEAR SIRS:—I herewith send you another order for Tea. The last was duly received, and gives general satisfaction. As long as you send us such good Tea, you may expect a continuation of our patronage. As a further evidence that the subscribers were satisfied, you will observe that I send you the names of all those that sent before who were near out of Tea, with a large addition of new subscribers. Accept my thanks for the complimentary package. Ship this as the other, and oblige. Your ob't servant, DAVID G. McKEE.

4 lbs.	Japan	J. Havens.	at $1 25	$5 00
5 do	do	do	at 1 00	5 00
1 do	Gunpowder	do	at 1 50	1 50
1 do	Japan	S. Carlin	at 1 25	1 25
2 do	Young Hyson	do	at 1 00	2 00
1 do	Japan	N. Shaw	at 1 00	1 00
1 do	Young Hyson	do	at 1 10	1 10
3 do	do	R. McCargen	at 1 25	3 75
2 do	Green	do	at 1 25	2 50
4 do	do	Wm. Bamford	at 1 25	5 00
1 do	Gunpowder	A. B. Perkins	at 1 50	1 50
and 10 others—total				$51 00

N. B.—All villages and towns where a large number reside, by clubbing together, can reduce the cost of their Teas and Coffees about one-third (beside the Express charges), by sending directly to "The Great American Tea Company."
BEWARE of all concerns that advertise themselves as branches of our Establishment, or copy our name either wholly or in part, as they are base counterfeits. We have no branches, and do not in any case authorize the use of our name.
POST-OFFICE orders and drafts make payable to the order of The Great American Tea Company. Direct letters and orders to

GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY,
Nos. 31 and 33 VESEY ST.,
NEW YORK.
Post-office Box, 5643 New York City.

PALMER'S 1865
PATENT. 10,000 IN USE.
1869 CHESTNUT ST. PHILADELPHIA.
ASTOR PLACE, NEW YORK. | 19 GREEN ST., BOSTON.
ADDRESS THE INVENTOR,
B. FRANK. PALMER, M. D. PRES'T. A. A. LIMB Co.

These Inventions stand approved as the "best" by the most eminent Scientific and Surgical Societies of the world, the inventor having been honored with the award of FIFTY GOLD AND SILVER MEDALS (or "First Prizes"), including the GREAT MEDALS of the WORLD'S EXHIBITIONS IN LONDON AND NEW YORK; also the most Honorary Report of the great SOCIETY OF SURGEONS OF PARIS, giving his Patents place above the ENGLISH and FRENCH.

DR. PALMER gives personal attention to the business of his profession, aided by men of the best qualifications and greatest experience. He is specially commissioned by the GOVERNMENT, and has the patronage of the prominent OFFICERS of the ARMY and NAVY. SIX MAJOR-GENERALS and more than a thousand less distinguished officers and soldiers have worn the PALMER LIMBS on active duty, while still greater numbers of eminent civilians are, by their aid, filling important positions, and effectually conceal their misfortune.

All Genuine "PALMER LIMBS" have the name of the inventor affixed.

Pamphlets, which contain the *New Rules for Amputations,* and full information for *persons in want of limbs,* sent free to applicants, by mail or otherwise.

The attention of Surgeons, Physicians, and all persons interested, is most respectfully solicited.

The well-known LINCOLN ARM is also made *solely* by this Company. This Arm has the patronage of the U. S. GOVERNMENT.

To avoid the imposition of PIRATICAL COPYISTS, apply only to DR. PALMER, as above directed. oct10-1y

PRINCE & CO'S.
AUTOMATIC ORGANS AND MELODEONS.
Forty thousand are now in use
BUFFALO, N.Y. CHICAGO, ILL.
aug24-6m

UNIVERSAL SUFFRAGE
AND
FEMALE SUFFRAGE.
BY A REPUBLICAN (not a "Radical!")

This is a 12mo., containing 116 pages, and is devoted to a calm and moderate discussion of the Suffrage Question—the author contending that the Suffrage, should be Qualified, and *not* Unqualified and Universal.

Reasons are given against Universal Negro Suffrage, and also against Female Suffrage.

The work will be forwarded by mail (postage prepaid) on the receipt of the price, 50 cents, by the publishers, J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO. jy12-tf No. 715 Market St., Philadelphia.

PENNSYLVANIA CENTRAL RAILROAD

WINTER TIME, TAKING EFFECT OCT. 6th, 1867.

The trains of the Pennsylvania Central R. R. leave the Depot, at 31st and Market Streets, which is reached directly by the Market Street Cars, the last car connecting with each train leaving Front and Market Streets thirty minutes before its departure. The Chestnut and Walnut Street cars run within one square of the Depot.

ON SUNDAYS—The Market Street cars leave Front and Market Streets 25 minutes before the departure of each train.

SLEEPING CAR TICKETS can be had on application at the Ticket Office, North-West corner of Ninth and Chestnut Streets, and at the Depot.

AGENTS OF THE UNION TRANSFER COMPANY will call for and deliver baggage at the Depot. Orders left at No. 901 Chestnut Street or No. 1 South Eleventh Street, will receive attention.

TRAINS LEAVE DEPOT, VIZ.:

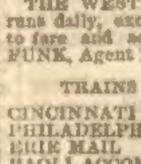
MAIL TRAIN	8.00 A.M.
FAST LINE AND ERIE EXPRESS	12.00 M.
PAOLI ACCOMMODATION, No. 1	10.40 P.M.
HARRISBURG ACCOMMODATION	2.30 "
LANCASTER ACCOMMODATION	4.00 "
PARKESBURG TRAIN	5.00 "
WESTERN ACCOM. TRAIN	5.45 "
ERIE MAIL	7.00 "
CINCINNATI EXPRESS	8.00 "
PHILADELPHIA EXPRESS	11.15 "
PAOLI ACCOMMODATION, No. 2	9.00 "
ACCOMMODATION	12.00 "

Erie Mail leaves daily, except Saturday.
Philadelphia Express leaves daily. All other trains daily, except Sunday.
THE WESTERN ACCOMMODATION TRAIN runs daily, except Sunday. For full particulars as to fare and accommodations, apply to FRANCIS FUNK, Agent 137 Dock Street.

TRAINS ARRIVE AT DEPOT, VIZ.:

CINCINNATI EXPRESS	1.50 A.M.
PHILADELPHIA EXPRESS	7.10 "
ERIE MAIL	7.10 "
PAOLI ACCOMMODATION, No. 1	8.30 "
FAST LINE	9.05 "
PARKESBURG TRAIN	9.40 "
LANCASTER TRAIN	1.10 P.M.
ERIE EXPRESS	1.10 "
DAY EXPRESS	6.30 "
PAOLI ACCOMMODATION, No. 2	7.10 "
HARRISBURG ACCOMMODATION	9.50 "

For further information, apply to
JOHN C. ALLEN, Ticket Agent, 901 Chestnut St.
SAMUEL H. WALLACE, Ticket Agent, at the Depot.
The Pennsylvania Railroad Co. will not assume any risk for Baggage, except for Wearing Apparel, and limit their responsibility to One Hundred Dollars in value. All Baggage exceeding that amount in value, will be at the risk of the owner, unless taken by special contract.
EDWARD H. WILLIAMS,
ap7-tf *Gen'l. Sup't., Altoona, Pa.*

BELLS.
TROY BELL FOUNDRY.

CHURCH BELLS,
Chimes and Bells of all Sizes for Churches, Factories, Academies, Steamboats, Plantations, Locomotives, &c.
Made of Pure Bell Metal,
(Copper and Tin.)
HUNG WITH PATENT ROTARY MOUNTINGS, THE BEST IN USE.
FULLY WARRANTED.
FOR CIRCULARS ADDRESS,
JONES & CO., Troy, N. Y
aug30-1y

$100 A MONTH SALARY will be paid Agents, male or female, in a new, pleasant, permanent business; full particulars *free* by return mail, or sample retailing at $4.50 for 50 cents. A. D. BOWMAN & CO., 48 Broad Street, New York. [Clip out and return this notice.] oct12-3m

WIT AND HUMOR.

A Good Customer.

A few days since, a dignified person, with the bearing and general appearance of a country merchant, stepped into a wholesale store in the city of Norwich, Connecticut, and in a bland tone and insinuating manner, inquired of the proprietor if he sold gin by the barrel—at what price, and if it was a good article. He "would like to see a sample."

Proprietor drew a large-sized tumbler nearly full. Country merchant tasted.

"Ah!" said he, as he smacked his lips with just a suspicion of light, "that's good gin. What can you let me have a barrel of that for?"

Proprietor named the price.

"Remarkably good gin," said he, taking another sip. "That reminds me of some gin I bought in 1838," and he went on with a long story about that particular gin, stopping occasionally to try the sample, until it was all gone but a swallow. The story finished, he tossed off the balance of it, and remarking that he liked the gin, and would come in and leave his order after making a few purchases elsewhere, left the store.

An hour afterwards, while the proprietor was waiting upon some customers, the gin-buyer returned, and this time tackled one of the clerks with:

"I have got to buy some gin to-day, and if you have got a first-rate article I should like to see a sample of it."

Another large sized tumbler full was forthcoming, and the old fellow tasted of it. Then he turned it round, held it up to the light, and tasted again. Then he smacked his lips, inquired the price, and took another sip. Then he remarked that it was very cold weather, and took a good swallow. Then he commenced on the gin, and indulged in a few reflections upon how much more gin cost now than it did in 1838. He kept on talking and he kept on drinking, and the clerk kept on waiting to consummate the trade. He was such a dignified man, and was so evidently a good judge of, as well as a large dealer in gin, that the clerk was not disposed to hurry him. But as he was taking down the last swallow, the proprietor came round. The suspicion dawned on him that the country merchant was a better drinker than buyer. Stepping up to him, he thundered out:

"Look here, sir, do you want to buy any gin?"

The old fellow's dignity melted in an instant. Putting his hand in his overcoat, he drew out a pint bottle, and in the meekest and mildest voice imaginable replied:

"Yes, a half-pint in this bottle."

Why he was Excused.

Judge Ferguson was particularly severe on the unfortunate jurymen. So many men had been excused on trivial pleas, that the course of the law was seriously interfered with. The court does not usually get angry, but this time down came the foot, and a declaration was made that no juryman would get off unless there was the best reason. Mike Hogarty, a great, big, good-natured son of the Emerald Isle, was on his pins.

"Boys," he said, "is it the dhrinks yer' jus' takin' that I don't pull the wool over the ould judge's eyes, an' git off the jury."

"How, Mike?"

"Arrah! lave that to a wild Irishman. Is it the dhrinks, I dun'no?"

"Yes, Mike—but fair and square."

"Trust me for that, boys."

Shortly after Mike made his appearance before the court. His face was drawn down until it looked awfully solemn. His eyes, too, looked as if there had been a "drop o' water wasted." In fact, Mike looked just as though there had been the devil to pay, and he was the sufferer. His voice quivered as he addressed the court.

"Shure, an' yer honor, was it afther excusin' me from the jury, if yees plases?"

"Why, Mr. Hogarty, on what grounds should I excuse you?" asked the court.

"An' may it plase yer honor, me mither's dead—is the old woman—may God bless her soul."

"To be sure," said the court, "Mr. H., if that is the case," and the judge spoke in an earnest and sympathizing tone; "to be sure, sir, you are excused. Mr. Clerk, excuse Mr. Hogarty from serving on the jury this term of court."

"Shure, an' it's may God bless yer honor for this," and Mike left the court-room to join his comrades, who were waiting outside.

"An' how about the dhrinks, is it, I dun'no?" said Mike. "It's whiskey for me."

"But, Mike," said one of them, "how could you tell the judge such a bare-faced lie?"

"An' it's a lie, yees say, is it?" said Mike. "Shure, an' devil a bit of a lie is th, I dun'no. Isn't the old woman dead? an' didn't she die the matther of twenty years ago, I dun'no? Devil a bit of a lie did I tell his honor."

Politeness in Dunning.

An old gentleman had owed a firm for years; at last after every body's patience and temper were exhausted, a clerk named Frank, undertook to get the money.

Frank called upon the gentleman, and met with a polite reception and the usual answer, with the addition,

"You need not trouble yourself, young man, about the matter; I will make it all right."

"Oh, no," replied Frank, "I could not think for a moment of compelling you to call at the store for a few dollars. It will not be the slightest inconvenience for me to stop in, as I pass your place of business six times a day, to and from my meals, and I can call every time I go by."

"Here," said the old fellow to his book-keeper, alarmed at the prospect of being dunned six times a day for the next six months, "pay this impertinent rascal. He can beat me in politeness, and if he wants a situation I will give him two thousand dollars a year."

☞ Precocious girl that, who took as the theme of her graduating essay, at a fashionable seminary:—"The Education of our Boys."

WHAT A MISTAKE!

AUNT.—"Have you brought my gloves, Polly?"
POLLY.—"Yes, aunty, and your long curl, too, which was a lying on the table."

Mosquitoes.

Mark Twain suffered severely during the mosquito season. Hear him:

The mosquitos have irritated me beyond endurance.

I haven't suffered so much as during the past few days, since I emigrated from New Jersey many years ago.

These insects manifest a peculiar affection for me. They serenade me in troupe, and present their bills with the promptness of a tax-collector, and make you pay on the spot.

I couldn't locate all the spots they have visited on me—I am in a state of eruption all over.

I am constantly committing assault and battery on myself in the desperate hope of smashing the little wretches.

The amount of punishment I have dealt out to myself would have been sufficient to have secured me the championship of the light weights in the prize ring.

But you don't gain any credit with such antagonists; they always manage to get the first blood, and then leave you alone to come up to the scratch.

Do you know any remedy for mosquitos?

I have tried pennyroyal.

The mosquitos don't mind it.

They say if you close up the windows and doors of your bedroom, and then burn sulphur, it will kill every mosquito in the apartment—also, any other man.

If you rub yourself from head to foot with kerosene oil, they say mosquitos won't bite you.

I haven't tried this—my landlady objected on account of the bed-clothes.

The man who discovers an infallible protection from mosquitos deserves to be decorated with the ribbon of the Legion of Honor.

Everybody would bless him, as everybody is afflicted with mosquitos.

O'Tard is the only man I know who is not. He says the mosquitos don't trouble him.

This can be accounted for.

Mosquitos are sanguinary but temperate insects.

They will drink blood, but they won't touch whiskey.

EVERY TIME.—"Gentlemen," said a recent orator, "this prejudice against negroes is as absurd as it is unjust. If I were called upon to choose from the circle of my acquaintances an intimate friend; if I were called upon to choose from the circle of my lady acquaintances a wife; if I were called upon to choose for my daughter a husband—" here the orator paused and looked around impressively, while the crowd looked at each other with dubious faces—"I would choose every time—a white."

AGRICULTURAL.

Topping Corn.

We find each locality adhering to the practices which have prevailed in it from time immemorial. In the eastern part of this state, for instance, the practice of cutting the top stalks of corn has gained so strong a foothold that it may be said to be well nigh universal, while if we visit the western part of the state, we find, in many localities at least, the practice, almost equally prevalent, of cutting up from the root and stooking.

We were brought up to top the corn, and we always supposed it to be, on the whole, the best method. But after hearing the statements of those who had always been accustomed to a different method, and the reasons therefor, we were inclined to think we were wrong, and that the practice of stooking had many advantages over that of topping. It has been tried by many farmers as an experiment, in this part of the state, but either from not being accustomed to it, and so of making more work of it than there was any need of it, has generally been abandoned for the old method of topping.

We are still inclined to think, however, that cutting up from the root and stooking has the greater advantages, and that, if our farmers who have been accustomed to top corn all their lives, would try it long enough to get accustomed to it, they would be slow to go back to the old method.

Allen, in his American Farm Book, says: "The stalks of corn ought never to be cut above the ear, but always near the ground, and for this obvious reason; the sap which nourishes the grain is drawn from the earth, and passing through the stem enters the leaf, where a change is effected, analogous to what takes place in the blood, when brought to the surface of the lungs in the animal system; but with this peculiar difference, however, that while the blood gives out carbon and absorbs oxygen, plants, under the influence of light and heat, give out oxygen, and absorb carbon. This change prepares the sap for condensation and conversion into the grain. But the leaves which thus digest the food for the grain are above it, and it is while passing downward that the change of sap into grain principally takes place. If the stalks be cut above the ear nourishment is at an end. It may then become firm and dry, but it will not increase in quantity, while, if cut near the root, it not only appropriates the sap already in the plant, but it also absorbs additional matter from the atmosphere, which contributes to its weight and perfection."

As already stated, many experiments have been made to test the comparative advantages of the two methods, but so far as we know they all tend to the same results, that is, a gain of from five to ten bushels an acre, gained from cutting at the root and stooking, over topping. Mr. Clark, of Northampton, in this state, who tried the thing with great care, found that an acre of topped corn lost from six to eight bushels of grain by the process, while the loss of stover was also very considerable.

The most experienced farmers are careful in securing the whole of the stover, and they would regard this topping process as a great and unnecessary waste of a valuable feeding substance, as much so as if they should attempt to secure their crop of Timothy hay by "topping."

There is, perhaps, a little greater labor in husking corn cut and stooked in this way, but that is, after all, a small objection compared with the advantages arising from this method.

We think it pays to cut corn fodder with the hay cutter before feeding out. It is more completely eaten up, while the convenience resulting from it in handling the manure is very considerable. Corn fodder seasonably harvested and properly stored is of great value for feeding through the winter.—*Massachusetts Ploughman.*

The Slaughter of Animals for Food.

There are certain facts concerning the killing of the animals which form so large a portion of our food, that should be known by every meat buyer, if not meat eater, because they affect the condition of the meat, its healthfulness and keeping qualities. Our own attention has been particularly directed to the subject of opening an immense slaughter house near the city of New York, by capitalists and butchers of Chicago. The new *Abattoir* is, in fact, a regular slaughter house for all kinds of animals, on a larger scale than any existing there.

The old fashioned way of killing beeves, was to knock them in the head with a pole axe, then cut their throats, and while bleeding commence skinning and slinging up by the hind legs. Our butchers were slow to learn of the Jews, who practiced throwing and slinging the animal and then cutting its throat, and in this way securing the most perfect possible bleeding, and following the Mosaic command, "the blood thereof, which is the life thereof, shalt thou not eat." Our butchers are now following a very similar practice, modifying it by hitting the beasts a merciful rap now and then on the head to destroy consciousness. In this way the beef bleeds better, as all the blood of the hind quarters at least tends to the throat.

There is a serious objection to knocking beeves in the head. The shock to the nervous system is such as to cause tremor and great rigidity in the muscles, although it is the part of humanity to put the poor beasts as soon as possible in a condition of unconsciousness. But this is a serious hindrance to free bleeding. European butchers have long practiced what is termed "pricking down," and this has also been done, or rather tried, in this country. It consists in driving a narrow knife blade, by an instantaneous motion, in between the head and the first vertebra, piercing the spinal marrow. This destroys all sense, and paralyzes all the muscles of the body, leaving them soft and flexible. When an animal is in this condition, it must be slung up by the hind legs at once, when the blood will flow quite as freely as if the animal were conscious. This method, therefore, combines the excellence of the Hebrew way and the humanity of the old knocking down process.

When an animal is killed during or soon after a fright or great heat and exhaustion, it rarely bleeds well, but the meat is left bloody and feverish; it soon spoils, and is besides unhealthy. Whether the paroxysm of fear, which occurs when the animal is suddenly, in full consciousness, slung up by one or both hind legs, and which lasts until it dies, has any bad effect upon the meat, physicians must determine. The superiority of the pricking down process is so evident that we think it ought always to be followed. It was not practiced at the new Abattoir, though the killing there was done very expeditiously, and the beef looked exceedingly well.—*Agricultural Review.*

Items.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Rural World uses a medicine for the cure of slobbers in horses, that though infallible, is not popular because it is so simple, handy and cheap. A dose or two of from one to two gallons of dry wheat bran has never failed with him.

THE Paris Kentuckian says, "Mr. S. W. Tevebaugh, of this county, has shown us some singular grains of corn, in which the grains are doubled, each grain having a separate heart. He accidentally noticed a few grains as he was shelling his seed corn last year, which he planted, and they produced ears of corn with all the grains doubled, and two stalks to the grain."

AMOS STELLER, Cary, Ohio, advises the New York Farmers' Club not to allow their sweet-apple pomice to go to waste after the sweet cider is expressed, but put them in some water-tight box; let them remain until they are well heated; then return them to the press, and add, say, to the production of thirty bushels of apples, six or eight gallons of water, and you can press from one and a half to two barrels of vinegar from the same, and a good article at that. Vinegar made in this way will sour much sooner than otherwise.

THE Carolina Times mentions a case where a friend threw a branch of wilted peach tree to a cow, the leaves of which she ate with avidity. This was in the evening. The following morning she was found dead in the stable. Another cow also ate a portion of the leaves, and came near dying too. Eaten in a fresh state, these leaves are not dangerous, neither are those of the sorghum plant, but in a wilted state both are dangerous food for stock. Why this is so is a question for solution.

RECEIPTS.

TO POT PARTRIDGES.—Draw, pluck, and singe your birds; wipe them with a cloth; season them inside and out with fine spices; closely pack the birds in a baking dish; allow half a pound of fresh butter to each partridge; cover the dish with a lid of paste; bake for an hour; when cold, put each bird into a small potting jar, and fill up with clarified butter.

TO BOIL PARTRIDGES.—Properly prepare the birds; put them into plenty of boiling water; do them quickly for fifteen minutes; make a rich sauce by adding an ounce of butter to half a pint of good thick cream; stir it one way over the fire till it is quite hot, and pour it into the dish with the partridges.

TO STEW PARTRIDGES.—Cut up the birds, after seeing that they are properly plucked, singed, &c.; shake the following mixture over the fire until it boils: an onion, sliced and pulled into rings, a piece of butter rolled in flour, and a tablespoonful each of water, red wine, and vinegar; put in the partridge; let it simmer very gently till done; decorate the dish with little sippets of toast; put into it the partridge, and pour the sauce over it.

TERRINE DE NERAC.—Prepare the partridges as above, only split each in half; and besides the forcemeat, add half a pound of truffles, peeled and sliced; in place of a crust of paste, line a terrine (covered earthen baking dish) with slices of bacon fat; when the forcemeat and birds are arranged upon this, place more bacon fat on the top; fasten on the cover of the dish, and bake slowly for three hours.

CRAB APPLES.—Put them into your preserving-kettle, with cold water enough to cover them, and let them boil until the skin breaks. Then take them out one by one and skin them, and remove the seeds with a penknife. Make a syrup of a pint of water and a pound of sugar to every pound of fruit, and when it is clear, drop in the apples and let them boil until they are transparent.

GLASS-MELON PRESERVES.—Pare and scrape outside and inside until very thin, first cutting a hole the size of a dime at each end. Soak in salt and water a day or two, then in weak alum-water twenty-four hours, and then in fresh water till the alum taste is removed. Boil till tender in strong Jamaica ginger tea. Make a syrup of a pound and a half of loaf-sugar and a pint of water to every pound of fruit. Drop in the melons and boil till clear. They will be lighter colored to omit the boiling in ginger tea, using cold water instead, and after boiling in the syrup and removing from the fire, flavor with lemon essence. It is nicer, too, to scrape them and not pare them. They keep well. For variety, cut some of the melons in halves after scraping them on the outside, remove the inside, and notch the edges prettily.

SWEET TOMATO PICKLE.—Will you please reprint for the benefit of your readers the following, which I have found by repeated trials to be the best receipt of the kind that has yet met my notice.

Slice one gallon of green tomatoes, and put a handful of salt to each layer of tomatoes. Let them stand twelve hours, then drain off the liquor, and add to them two green peppers, and from two to four onions sliced. Take two quarts strong cider vinegar, a little more than one-half pint of molasses, and two tablespoonfuls of whole mustard, and a teaspoonful of allspice, same of cloves, and heat until it begins to boil. Then put in tomatoes, onions and peppers, and let them boil ten minutes. Pour them into a stone jar and seal tight, and put them in a cool place for a fortnight; after which they will be ready for use and will keep a year without scalding. OUTIS.

☞ The two parties on the female suffrage question in Kansas are called "antis," and "aunties." If the "aunties" prevail, the state in future is to be called Hen-sass.

☞ Paper water-pails are manufactured at Green Point, L. I.

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 3 letters.
My 3, 1, denotes a learned man.
My 2, 1, 2, a girl's name.
My 1, 3, 1, the man that walks with his children.
My 2, 1, 1, one of the first things learned at school.
My 3, 2, 1, makes one disagreeable to everybody.
My 1, 2, 1, 2, frequently uttered by a child.
My 3, 2, 1, 2, 3, every girl becomes when married.
My 3, 2, 3, 3, 2, what a child loves.
My whole gives to man one of the greatest mechanical powers he enjoys.

KENTON.

Charade.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

When oceans roll and rivers glide,
My first may often be descried.
My second forms a gothic arch,
Is used in tramp, advance and march.
My third, amid the forest wide,
Roams gracefully in freedom's pride.
My whole sprinkled the country around,
Bears to each ear familiar sound.
Young, old, the maimed and without scar,
A host ready for fray or war.

Baltimore, Md. EMILY.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

If a piece of wood weigh 15 pounds in air, and a piece of copper which weighs 18 pounds in air and 16 pounds in water, be affixed to it, so that the *compound* weighs 6 pounds in water, what is the specific gravity of the wood? W. H. MORROW.

Irwin Station, Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

One-seventh of a circular field of ten acres, is in a walk extending round the whole. Required—the width of the walk.

J. B. SANDERS.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ Why is a witty barber like the motion of a dog's tail? Ans.—Because he's a wig wag.

☞ Why are roosters like clergymen? Ans.—Because they proclaim viva voce, the dawn of the coming day.

☞ What are the largest ants in the world? Ans.—Elephants.

☞ What's in a name? Ans.—Everything is in an aim, if you wish to shoot straight.

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA—Abracadabra. CHARADE—Indelible—(Inn, dell, lie, bell.)

Humor of an Affghan Chief.

When Major Lumsden was in Afghanistan, the Sardar expressed a desire one day to see the rifle practice of the English. In the course of the shooting he saw some sparrows' heads shot off; and whilst expressing great astonishment at the feat, remarked that it was much more difficult to shoot at a hen's egg and smash it, than to knock off any number of sparrows' heads. The major and his friends laughed at this nice difference, but the Sardar was determined that his assertion should at once be put to the test, and accordingly ordered one of his attendants to fetch an egg, and suspend it against the opposite wall of the court. This being done, firing was commenced by the English, and, to their amazement, after some dozen shots, the egg was unharmed. The Sardar and his attendants maintained their gravity, and every moment volunteered some excuse for the miss, as each bullet failed to smash the egg. Presently, by accident, a ball happened to sever the thread by which it was suspended, and down fell the egg upon the pavement below, but, to the astonishment of Major Lumsden and his friends, did not smash. The trick was now apparent, and they joined the Sardar and his friends in a hearty laugh at the deception. The trick had been pre-arranged by the heir apparent, who had prepared the egg by having its contents blown out through a hole at the end. The empty egg-shell, as light as a feather, was pushed aside by the wind of the bullet, and could not be struck.

Matter of Fact People.

It was said of an ancient poet, that he was so thin and light, that lead was fastened to his shoes to prevent his being blown away. The story is told by a writer, who at the same time in the gravest manner discredits it, for says he, "How could he carry about sufficient weight to prevent his being blown away, if he was so weak as to be unable to resist the sea breeze?" This matter of fact way of regarding a humorous fable is exceedingly amusing, and recalls a somewhat similar criticism upon the following American story. A traveller, after a long journey, anxiously looked about for some inn where his jaded horse might have a bait; but no accommodation being found, he sought a grassy spot for pasturage, but without success. In this dilemma he produced a pair of green glass spectacles, and placed them on the horse's face, and led him into a carpenter's yard, where the deluded animal immediately commenced his meal upon shavings and sawdust. The absurdity of this story produced a laugh in all but one hearer, who after a few moments of solemn abstraction, exclaimed, "I beg your pardon, sir; but I doubt your story, for I cannot understand how the spectacles could have been fixed on the horse's nose." How true is the saying, *"The prosperity of a jest lies in the ear of him who hears it."*

☞ People may be instructed by those who have less sense than themselves—as a man may be guided by a finger-board that has no sense at all.